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M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL  
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

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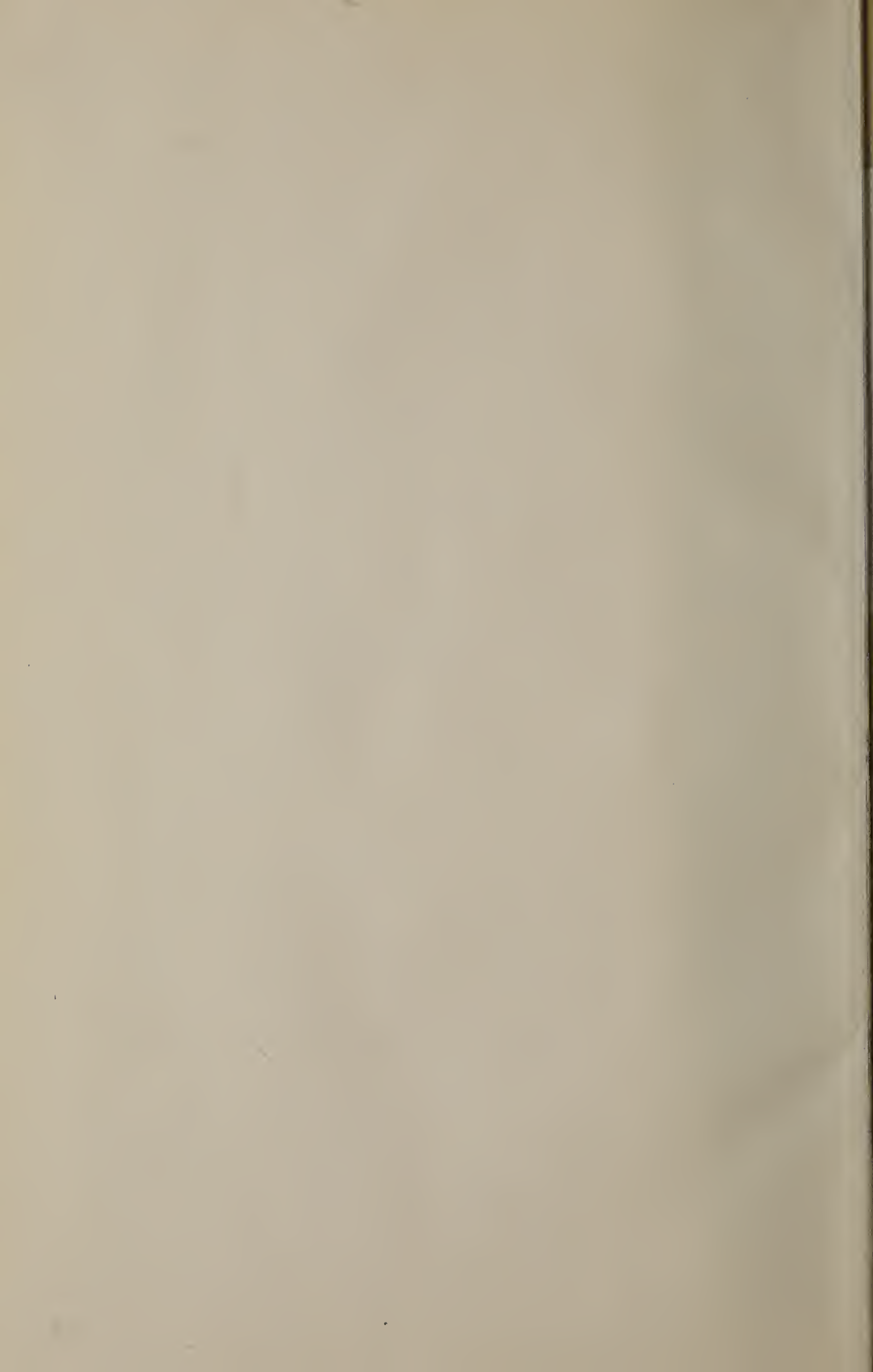
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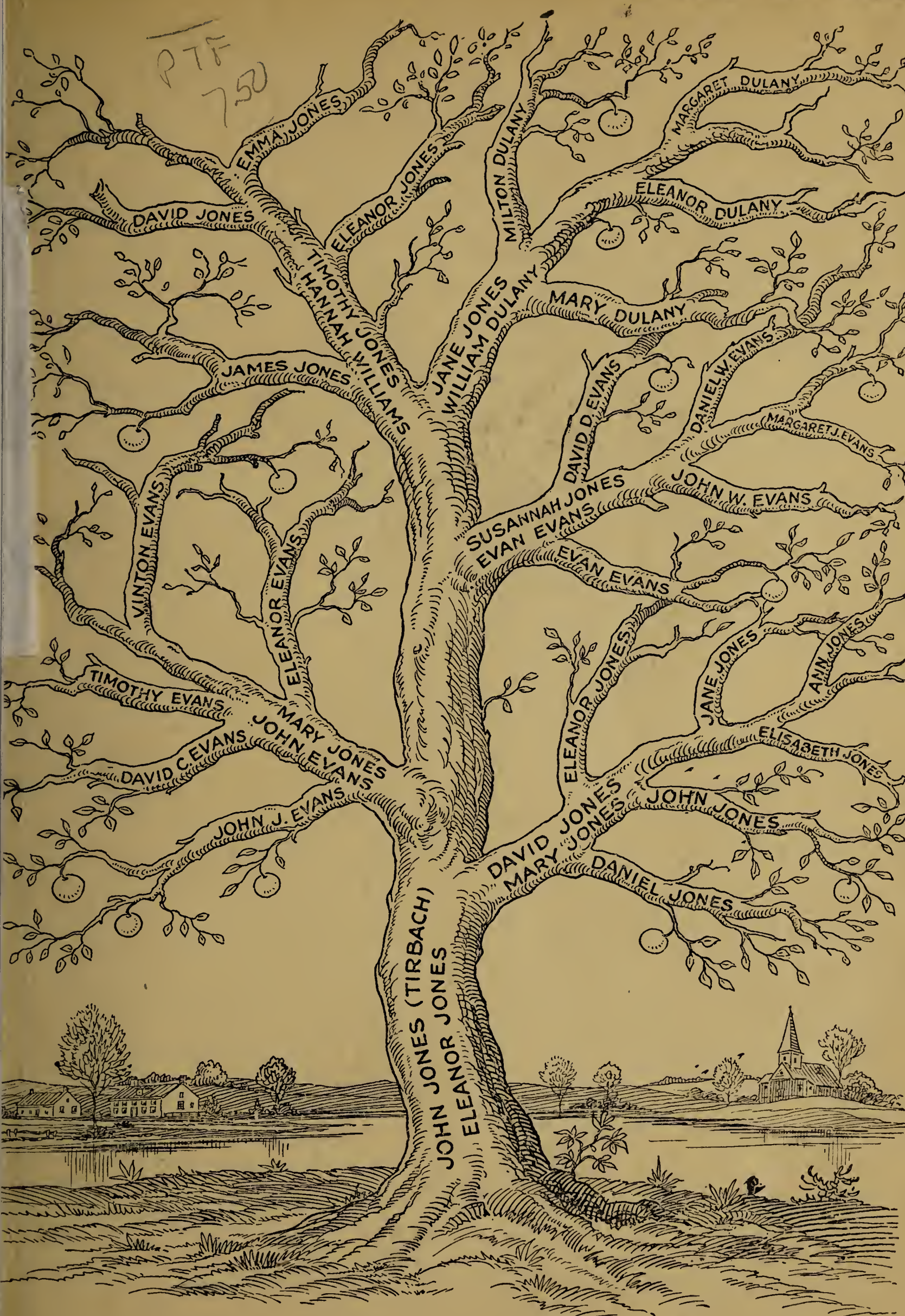
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And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.  
PSALM 1-3.





PTF

THE  
FAMILY TREE  
OF  
JOHN JONES  
(TIRBACH)

ELDER OR PATRIARCH OF THE  
WELSH SETTLEMENT OF  
JACKSON AND GALLIA

TO WHICH IS ADDED A SHORT  
HISTORY OF THE  
SIX ORIGINAL FAMILIES

COMPILED BY  
VIRGIL H. EVANS  
COLUMBUS, OHIO  
MCMXXIX

The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree:  
he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

Psalm 92-12



# INTRODUCTORY

1606721

John Jones (Tirbach) and wife ELEANOR natives of Cilcennin Parish Cardingshire, South Wales, with two unmarried children also two married daughters and their families, emigrated to America in April 1818. David, the elder son, came over later.

They took ship at Liverpool on a sailing vessel and were eight weeks less one day, on the ocean, landing at Baltimore on the first day of July; from thence to Pittsburgh by wagon, then to Gallipolis by raft where their boat was partially wrecked. Eventually, they, with three other families from the same Parish, settled in what was then Raccoon Township, Gallia County, later becoming part of Madison Township, Jackson County, Ohio. Thus they became the founders of the famous Welsh settlement of Jackson and Gallia.

He was also known as "John Jones Ship," having kept a tavern in Wales under the sign of a painted ship in full sail. The names of his decendants are given herein as far as I have been able to obtain them together with their vocation and who they married, the names of their children and again who they married etc., down to the present time. Other items of interest have been noted.

"Tirbach," is welsh for Little Land or Small Farm. Farm, or place names are very common in Wales, in fact they are the rule and seem to be a national characteristic. Furthermore, these names, like those of the ancient Hebrews are invariably suggested by or connected with some local peculiarity of place or person and therefore are very interesting; for instance "Penlanlas" signifies Farm at the upper end of the parish; "Ty mawr," Big house, or Manor house; "Ty bach," Little house, or Dower house. In Wales when the father died the eldest son inherited the "Ty mawr" and the widow removed to the "Tybach."

Morally, and religiously, the record of this family is good; as far as my knowledge extends none of its members have been convicted of any major crime or confined in State's prison; on the other land none have been ordained to preach the gospel. As a whole they seem to have pursued a middle of the road course, following the precept given by the wise man Eccl. 7. 16-17-18. However, the great majority have been and are identified with the church and in full sympathy with its great mission; especially that of the Sunday School. Let us hope and pray that future generations will follow in their wake and refrain from anything that would sully the name of John Jones (Tirbach).

V.H.E., 2318 Summit St., Columbus, Ohio  
November, 1929

## EXPLANATION

First place at the left shows the consecutive number and the state where the family resides.

The remaining space gives the names of heads of families in small capitals with the maiden name of the wife and the occupation of the husband, followed by the given names of the children and the generation to which they belong.

Dec'd. indicates Died in Childhood.





# THE FAMILY TREE OF JOHN JONES

(TIRBACH)



## FIRST GENERATION

### JOHN AND ELEANOR JONES

No 1      **JOHN JONES** (Tirbach) Farmer, known also as "John Jones Ship"  
            **ELEANOR JONES**

#### Second Gen.

1. DAVID
2. MARY
3. SUSANNA
4. TIMOTHY
5. JANE

NOTE: John Jones and wife were the parents of another daughter named Eleanor, her place is next after Mary and should be No. 3. I have failed to learn anything regarding her history and suppose that she was dead or had married and settled prior to their coming.

## Branch No. II

### JOHN and MARY EVANS

#### Second Gen.

2      **MARY JONES** (Tirbach)  
Ohio **JOHN EVANS** (Penlanlas)  
Farmer, known also as "Rock  
John"

#### Third Gen.

- 1 JOHN J.
- 2 ELEANOR

- 3 MARY, Died on shipboard and buried in the sea.
- 4 WILLIAM, Dec'd.
- 5 DAVID C.
- 6 TIMOTHY
- 7 THOMAS
- 8 CATHERINE, Dec'd.
- 9 VINTON



## JOHN AND MARY EVANS

### Third Gen.

- 1 JOHN J. EVANS, Farmer, also known as "Young John," and "John Evans Vega."
- Ohio REBEKAH CHERRINGTON

### Fourth Gen.

- 1 MARY, Dec'd.
  - 2 CATHERINE, School Teacher
  - 3 CLEMENT
  - 4 ELEANOR, School Teacher
  - 5 ATHALIAH
  - 6 EVALINE
  - 7 LORANA, Dec'd.
- 
- 8 HANNAH
  - 9 SOPHRONIA
  - 10 EMMA
- Widely known as the "Evans Sisters" and still keeping open house at the old homestead, known as "Briar Ranch."

### Fourth Gen.

- 2 CATHERINE EVANS
- Ohio ANDREW HENSON, Furnace Manager, Bookkeeper

### Fifth Gen.

- 1 MORRIS A., Educator, Supt. Schools.
- 2 EMMA
- 3 CARRIE
- 4 WILLIAM, Dec'd.
- 5 BERT

### Fifth Gen.

- 2 EMMA HENSON
- Ohio A. H. MORIARTY, Painter

### Sixth Gen.

- 1 EVELYN
- 2 CARRIE, School Teacher

### Sixth Gen.

- 1 EVELYN MORIARTY
- Ohio HERBERT FRANTZ, Civil Engineer.

### Fifth Gen.

- 3 CARRIE HENSON,
- Ohio GEORGE M. JONES, Coal Operator, Banker

### Sixth Gen.

- 1 WINIFRED
- 2 GEORGE M.
- 3 HENSON
- 4 CATHERINE
- 5 HELEN

### Sixth Gen.

- 1 WINIFRED JONES
- Ohio STANLEY ROBERTS, Coal Operator

### Seventh Gen.

- 1 STANLEY R. (Jr.)
- 2 JOAN

### Sixth Gen.

- 3 HENSON JONES, Bank Clerk
- Ohio CATHARYN MAUK

### Sixth Gen.

- 5 HELEN JONES
- Ohio H. H. HARPET, M. D.

### Fifth Gen.

- 5 BERT HENSON, Farmer
- Ohio BIRD JOHNSON

### Fourth Gen.

- 3 CLEMENT EVANS, Unmarried, Civil War Vet., 7th O. V. C. was confined seven months in Andersonville prison and died from the effects a few years later.

### Fourth Gen.

- 4 ELLA EVANS
- Ohio WILLIAM HENSON, School Teacher, Farmer

### Fourth Gen.

- 5 ATHALIAH EVANS
- Ohio JAMES K. HENSON, Farmer Civil War Vet., Co. D, 53rd O. V. I.

### Fifth Gen.

- 1 MINNIE, Dec'd.
- 2 CLARENCE
- 3 ORSON
- 4 INA
- 5 CLYDE
- 6 CHESTER, Dec'd.
- 7 ETHEL, Nurse

### Fifth Gen.

- 1 CLARENCE HENSON, Supt. Schools
- La. NELLIE WILSON

### Sixth Gen.

1. CLARENCE (Jr.)

# JOHN AND MARY EVANS

## Fifth Gen.

3 ORSON HENSON, Farmer  
Ohio OTTIE KITCHEN

## Sixth Gen.

1 IVAN  
2. MARTHA

## Fifth Gen.

4. INA HENSON  
Ohio SHERMAN MILLER, Printer

## Sixth Gen.

1. ELBERT H.

## Fifth Gen.

5 CLYDE HENSON,  
Private Secretary  
Cal. MARIE TILLEY

## Sixth Gen.

1 LUCILLE  
2 ELEANOR

## Third Gen.

2 ELEANOR EVANS, Born in  
Wales

Ohio RICHARD MARKHAM,  
Farmer, Thresherman

## Fourth Gen.

1 JOHN J.  
2 STEPHEN  
3 MARY JANE  
4 DAVID O.  
5 MARTHA ELLEN  
6 LEWIS JEFFERSON  
7 TIMOTHY J.  
8 MARGARET  
9 THOMAS F.  
10 WILLIAM R.

Note: This large family all reached maturity and reared families.

## Fourth Gen.

1 JOHN J. MARKHAM, Farm-  
er, Civil War Vet., Lieut. Co.  
E. 56 O. V. I.

Kan. MARIAH C. HULOU

## Fifth Gen.

1. GEORGE L.  
2. JAMES O.  
3. LEWIS A.

Note: John J. Markham enlisted in 1861 as orderly Sergeant and was promoted to the second and first Lieutenancy, serving until the close of the war.

## Fifth Gen.

2 JAMES O. MARKHAM, Farm-  
er

Kan. STELA B. EDGORTH

## Sixth Gen.

1. IDA MAY, School Teacher  
2. EDITH L., School Teacher  
3. HALBERT  
4. JOHN E.  
5. DOROTHY M.  
6. WILLIAM L.  
7. ELEANOR E.  
8. FREDERIC C.

## Fifth Gen.

3 LEWIS A. MARKHAM,  
Farmer

Kan. LEESTA KRONTZ

## Fourth Gen.

2 STEPHEN MARKHAM, Black-  
smith

Ohio ALVIRA VERNON

## Fifth Gen.

1. MACK

## Fifth Gen.

1 MACK MARKHAM, Blacksmith  
Ohio EMMA CHERRINGTON

## Sixth Gen.

1. LENA

## Sixth Generation

1 LENA MARKHAM  
Ohio ALBERT DORR, Hardware

## Fourth Gen.

3 MARY J. MARKHAM  
Mo. DAVID J. JENKINS, Farmer.  
Civil War Vet., Indiana Reg.  
Cavalry.

## Fifth Gen.

1. ALICE ELEANOR  
2. CORTEZ RICHARD  
3. CARL H. Dec'd.  
4. LEWIS ELMER

## Fifth Gen.

1 ALICE E. JENKINS  
Mo. HARRY KNAPENBARGER,  
Farmer

JOHN AND MARY EVANS

Fifth Gen.

2 CORTEZ R. JENKINS, Farmer,  
Stockman  
Mo. EMMA EDWARDS

Sixth Gen.

1. JENNIE M.
2. MARY J.
3. RUSSELL C., School Teacher
4. DAVID H., Student

Sixth Gen.

1 JENNIE M. JENKINS  
Mo. DEWEY GIBSON, Farmer,  
Stockfeeder

Seventh Gen.

1. DOROTHY

Sixth Gen.

2 MARY J. JENKINS  
Mo. HENRY W. KNIGHT, Farmer,  
Feeder, World War Vet.

Seventh Gen.

1. FRANCIS DALE

Fourth Gen.

4 DAVID O. MARKHAM, 1st  
Ohio Heavy Artillery Co. H.,  
Farmer, Civil War Vet.  
Kan. LUCRETIA HARRISON

Fifth Gen.

1. BERTHA V.
2. CHARLES ALBERT, Dec'd.

Fifth Gen.

1 BERTHA V. MARKHAM  
Cal. I. NEWTON COFFELT  
Painter

Sixth Gen.

1. IRENE L.
2. VIOLA M.

Sixth Gen.

1 IRENE L. COFFELT  
Cal. ROBERT E. CONEWAY,  
Brakeman

Seventh Gen.

1. BEVERLY V.

Second Husband

Cal. L. GLEN STEVENS, Dental  
Mechanic, World War Vet.,  
Co. L. 363 INF., 91st Div.

Sixth Gen.

2 VIOLA M. COFFELT  
Cal. HARRY L. CARROL, X-Ray  
Specialist, World War Vet.,  
40th Div., 262nd Field Hospital  
Unit, 16 Sanitary Train

Seventh Gen.

1. JOHN E.

Fourth Gen.

5 MARTHA E. MARKHAM  
Ohio JOHN TWADDLE, Sheemaker,  
Civil War Vet., Co. D, 179  
O. V. I.

Fifth Gen.

1. HARRY, Dec'd.
2. ELLA, Dec'd.
3. RICHARD
4. HERBERT

Fifth Gen.

3 RICHARD TWADDLE, Tool-  
maker, Spanish Vet., Co. C,  
4th O. V. I.  
Ohio GRACE RHEIHL

Fifth Gen.

4 HERBERT TWADDLE, Web  
Pressman  
Ohio NAN HUGHES

Fourth Gen.

6 J. JEFFERSON MARKHAM,  
Farmer, Civil War Vet., Co.  
D, 179th O. V. I.  
Mo. BETTY KENEDY

Fifth Gen.

1. EVA
2. MARY E.
3. IDA MAY
4. BERT
5. OLLIE
6. WILLIAM

Fifth Gen.

1 EVA MARKHAM  
Mo. LUKE WRIGHT, Farmer

Sixth Gen.

1. LEWIS J.
2. RADIA BELLE
3. OLEN
4. MINNIE
5. RAYMOND
6. GOLDIE



JOHN AND MARY EVANS

Sixth Gen.

- 1 LEWIS J. WRIGHT, Truck  
Driver  
Mo. SAIDA FRENCH

Seventh Gen.

1. MILDRED  
2. MARGERY

Sixth Gen.

- 2 RADIA B. WRIGHT  
Mo. SWANS LAUNSDAUNS,  
Photographer

Seventh Gen.

1. WILLIAM  
2. MERL

Sixth Gen.

- 3 OLEN WRIGHT, Farmer  
Mo. RARIL MINK

Sixth Gen.

- 4 MINNIE WRIGHT  
Mo. SAMUEL CALE, Barber

Sixth Gen.

- 5 RAYMOND WRIGHT, Barber  
Mo. MARY GARRETT

Seventh Gen.

1. HELEN M.  
2. CHARLES R.  
3. HAZEL B.

Fifth Gen.

- 2 MARY E. MARKHAM  
Mo. WILLIAM MESSECH,  
Farmer

Sixth Gen.

1. WAYNE  
2. RUTH  
3. MARY E.

Sixth Gen.

- 1 WAYNE MESSECH, Farmer  
Mo. GLADYS ROBERTS

Seventh Gen.

1. WILLIAM  
2. MERL

Sixth Gen.

- 2 RUTH MESSECH  
Mo. ALONZO DENNISON,  
Farmer

Seventh Gen.

1. BERNICE

Fifth Gen.

- 3 IDA MAY MARKHAM  
Mo. ALONZO KIRBY, Painter

Fifth Gen.

- 5 OLLIE MARKHAM, Carpenter  
Mo. PEARL STAFFORD

Sixth Gen.

1. GUY  
2. HERSHEL  
3. EVERETT  
4. ETHEL  
5. VERA  
6. WILLIAM  
7. MERL  
8. VIOLA  
9. ERVIN  
10. RAY

Fifth Gen.

- 6 WILLIAM MARKHAM,  
Lineman  
Mo. BIRD MARION

Sixth Gen.

1. OAKLEY LEWIS  
2. WILLIAM (Jr.)

Fourth Gen.

- 7 TIMOTHY MARKHAM,  
Blacksmith  
Ohio SALLY HAGANS

Fifth Gen.

1. ELEANOR, School Teacher  
2. JOHN  
3. KATHRYN  
4. MARY  
5. CHARLES  
6. ANNA, School Teacher  
7. MARGARET, School Teacher

Fifth Gen.

- 2 JOHN MARKHAM, Editor,  
World War Vet., 1st Lieut., 145  
Inf., 37 Div.  
Ohio ANNA CROUCH

Fifth Gen.

- 3 KATHRYN MARKHAM  
Ohio W. A. VULGAMORE, Act'  
Welder, World War Vet., Co.  
A, 6th Amunition Train.

# JOHN AND MARY EVANS

## Fifth Gen.

- 4 MARY MARKHAM  
W. Va. PAUL WARD, Service Station

## Sixth Gen.

1. WILLIAM  
2. JOHN PAUL

## Fifth Gen.

- 5 CHARLES MARKHAM,  
Stock Keeper N. W. R. R.,  
World War Vet., 11th Co., 3rd  
Training Battalion, 158 D. B.  
Ohio GRACE SCHELLENGER

## Fifth Gen.

- 6 ANNA MARKHAM  
W. Va. ELMER SMITH, Yard Mas-  
ter, Wheeling Steel Co.

## Sixth Gen.

1. SALLY ANN

## Fifth Gen.

- 7 MARGARET MARKHAM  
Ohio CHESTER CLAY, Service  
Station

## Fourth Gen.

- 8 MARGARET MARKHAM  
Ohio WILLIAM A. B. JONES,  
(Cofiadial), Grocer

## Fifth Gen.

2. DAVID A.  
2. WILLIAM RICHARD  
3. EDGAR LLOYD

## Fifth Gen.

- 1 DAVID A. JONES, Deputy  
Clerk  
Ohio ELIZABETH SPILLMAN

## Sixth Gen.

1. HELEN A.

## Sixth Gen.

- 1 HELEN A. JONES  
Ohio GENE REA, Press Agent

## Fifth Gen.

- 2 WILLIAM R. JONES, Engrav-  
er Spanish Vet., Co. F, 4th O.  
V. I. Inf.

Ohio ANNA LOUISE KING

## Sixth Gen.

1. RICHARD KING  
2. CHARLES KENDALL  
3. WILLIAM KELTON  
4. JOAN LOUISE

## Fifth Gen.

- 3 EDGAR L. JONES, Salesman  
Ohio BESS GREEN

## Sixth Gen.

1. ROBERT GREEN  
2. LLOYD  
3. JOHN W.  
4. PARK

## Sixth Gen.

- 1 ROBERT G. JONES,  
Draughtsman  
W. Va. LAURA LEONA CLARK

## Seventh Gen.

1. BETSEY ANN  
2. ROBERT GREEN (Jr.)

## Sixth Gen.

- 2 LLOYD JONES, Salesman  
ISABEL SHOWALTER

## Seventh Gen.

1. ROBERT LLOYD

## Sixth Gen.

- 3 JOHN W. JONES, U. S. Seaman  
Cal \_\_\_\_\_

## Sixth Gen.

- 4 PARK JONES, Draftsman  
Ohio VERA GARDINER

## Seventh Gen.

1. PHYLISS JEAN



# JOHN AND MARY EVANS

## Fourth Gen.

- 9 **THOMAS F. MARKHAM**,  
Farmer, Carpenter, Infirmary  
Director Pike Co.  
Ohio **ETTA LEWIS**

## Fifth Gen.

1. JESSIE, Dec'd.
2. JAMES, Dec'd.
3. NELLE
4. JOHN
5. HERBERT
6. MARGARET
7. RUFUS
8. LENA

## Fifth Gen.

- 3 **NELLIE MARKHAM**  
Ohio **A. R. McDOWELL**, Garage,  
Oil Filling Station

## Sixth Gen.

1. LAWRENCE
2. RAYMOND

## Sixth Gen.

- 1 **LAWRENCE McDOWELL**,  
Service Station  
Ohio **MARY GREEN**

## Sixth Gen.

- 2 **RAYMOND McDOWELL**, Oil  
Filling Station  
Ohio **ELISABETH SCHOLER**

## Fifth Gen.

- 4 **JOHN MARKHAM**, Farmer  
Ohio **BESSIE BEADY**

## Sixth Gen.

1. GLENN
2. FOREST
3. ROBERT
4. MARTHA E.
5. JOHN
6. WILLIAM
7. VICTOR DONAHEY

## Fifth Gen.

- 5 **HERBERT MARKHAM**,  
Street Car Conductor, World  
War Vet., Sergeant Co. G, 330  
Inf., 83 Division  
Ohio **MARGUERITE FRY**

## Sixth Gen.

1. FLORENCE E.

## Fifth Gen.

- 6 **MARGARET MARKHAM**  
Ohio **A. H. MALLERNEE**, Book-  
keeper

## Fifth Gen.

- 7 **RUFUS MARKHAM**, Farmer  
Ohio **GOLDIE BROWN**

## Sixth Gen.

1. THOMAS
2. RICHARD
3. DALE
4. CHARLEE
5. RUFUS (Jr.)

## Fifth Gen.

- 8 **LENA MARKHAM**  
Ohio **LEWIS WOODS**, Shopman

## Sixth Gen.

1. BERL
2. PAUL E.

## Fourth Gen.

- 10 **WILLIAM R. MARKHAM**,  
Shoe Dealer  
Ohio **LAURA LYLE**

## Fifth Gen.

- 1 CHARLES E.

## Second Wife

- AMANDA CROSS**  
2. Edwin

## Fifth Gen.

- 1 **CHARLES MARKHAM**,  
Rail Roder  
La **FLORENCE PAROTT**

## Sixth Gen.

1. MELVILLE
2. ROBERT
3. ADA LAURA

## Fifth Gen.

- 2 **EDWIN MARKHAM**, Dry  
Cleaner, Word War Vet., Bat-  
tery C, 134 Field Artillery  
**OPAL SHARP**

## Sixth Gen.

1. MARY VIRGINIA

JOHN AND MARY EVANS

Third Gen.

- 5 DAVID C. EVANS, Farmer  
Ohio EUNICE LEWIS, Born in  
Wales

Fourth Gen.

1. VIRGIL H.
2. MARY ANN
3. ADALINE JANE
4. ELLEN SUSAN, De'cd.

Fourth Gen.

1. VIRGIL H. EVANS, Farmer  
Ohio JANE E. EVANS

Fifth Gen.

1. DAVID C.
2. EDWARD S.
3. CALVIN J.
4. LUELLA
5. RAYMOND E.
6. RALPH W.
7. EUNICE E., Cashier, Pavey Realty Co.
8. MILDRED, Stenographer

Fifth Gen.

- 2 EDWARD S. EVANS, Merchant  
Colo. BERTHA McHENRY, School  
Teacher

Sixth Gen.

1. DOROTHY M.
2. CALVIN E.

Fifth Gen.

- 3 CALVIN J. EVANS, Shipping  
Clerk. Died in Mercy Hospital  
Denver, Colo.

Fifth Gen.

- 4 LUELLA EVANS  
Ohio KARL C. FAHRBACH, Grocer

Sixth Gen.

1. KARL (Jr.), Dec'd.
2. ROGER H.
3. DORIS J.

Fifth Gen.

- 5 RAYMOND E. EVANS, Clerk,  
World War Vet., Co. D, 362  
Inf. Died in Hospital Lemans,  
France. Engagements Tys  
Scheldt, Belgium.

Fifth Gen.

- 6 RALPH W. EVANS, Shce  
Cutter  
Ohio BETTY LINDAMOOD

Sixth Gen.

1. CAROL

Fourth Gen.

- 3 ADALINE J. EVANS  
Ohio THOMAS L. LLOYD, School  
Teacher, Merchant

Fifth Gen.

1. HERBERT
2. MAUDE, School Teacher
3. HOMER

Fifth Gen.

- 1 HERBERT LLOYD, Merchant  
Ohio JANE JENKINS

Sixth Gen.

1. THELMA, School Teacher

Sixth Gen.

- 1 THELMA LLOYD  
Ohio MILLARD SHIPLEY, School  
Teacher

Fifth Gen.

- 2 MAUDE LLOYD  
Ohio ELMER NIDAY, Farmer

Sixth Gen.

1. LLOYD, Student
2. ELISABETH
3. MERILL

Fifth Gen.

- 3 HOMER LLOYD, Farmer  
Ohio MARIE BARTELLS

Third Gen.

- 6 TIMOTHY EVANS, Farmer,  
Stockraiser  
Ohio MARGARET OWENS

Fourth Gen.

1. MARY E., School Teacher
2. JOHN O.
3. ROBERT B.
4. SARAH E.
5. GOMER C., School Teacher
6. SUSAN
7. GEORGE W.

# JOHN AND MARY EVANS

## Fourth Gen.

- 2 JOHN O. EVANS, Livery  
Pa. CAMMIE EVANS

## Fifth Gen.

1. MINNIE

## Fourth Gen.

- 3 ROBERT B. EVANS, Livery-  
man  
Pa. LENORA HASKINS

## Fifth Gen.

1. MARGARET

## Fourth Gen.

- 4 SARAH E. EVANS  
Ohio WELLINGTON WILLIAMS,  
Farmer

## Fifth Gen.

1. BESSIE  
2. HARRY R., Dec'd.  
3. LEO D.

## Fifth Gen.

- 1 BESSIE WILLIAMS  
Ohio CHARLES BROUGHMAN,  
Farmer

## Sixth Gen.

1. DONALD  
2. MARGARET  
3. RUTH  
4. HELEN  
5. HARRY  
6. EILENE  
7. NELLIE LOUISE

## Fifth Gen.

- 3 LEO D. WILLIAMS, World  
War Vet., Co. C., 331st Inf.,  
83rd Div.  
Ohio BERTHA PERRY

## Sixth Gen.

1. DELORIS

Note: Every trace of Leo Williams was swept away while he was at the front in France. All the officers of his command and the government authorities combined failed to account for his disappearance, or death; and his fate remains a mystery to this day.

## Fourth Gen.

- 5 GOMER C. EVANS, Farmer.  
Salesman, Representative  
Jackson County.  
MINNIE S. McCLURE

## Fifth Gen.

1. LEON M.  
2. MYRTLE M.

## Fifth Gen.

- 1 LEON M. EVANS, Farmer,  
Farm Agent, Salesman

## Ohio FLORENCE BROWN

## Sixth Gen.

1. MARY  
Twins  
2. MARGARET  
3. HELEN  
4. MERILL

## Fifth Gen.

- 2 MYRTLE M. EVANS  
Ohio CHARLES ERVIN, Farmer  
Sixth Gen.

1. ROBERT  
2. KATHLENE  
3. ELEANOR  
4. LOUISE  
5. CAROLYN

## Fourth Gen.

- 6 SUSAN EVANS  
Ohio W. S. MANRING, Hardware,  
Sheriff Gallia Co.

## Fifth Gen.

1. PAUL EVANS  
2. RUTH E.

## Fifth Gen.

- 1 PAUL E. MANRING, Real Estate  
Mich. MYRTLE ALDEN

## Sixth Gen.

1. BETH  
2. PEGGY

## Fifth Gen.

- 2 RUTH E. MANRING  
Ohio SHERLOCK L. BANKS, Ad-  
vertising Manager. World War  
Vet., Sergt. 147 Field Hos-  
pital, 37 Div. O. N. G.

## Sixth Gen.

1. MARJORIE



## JOHN AND MARY EVANS

Fourth Gen.  
7 GEORGE W. EVANS, Govern-  
ment Employee  
Ohio ELISABETH MORGAN  
Fifth Gen.  
1. GEORGE MORGAN

Third Gen.  
9 VINTON EVANS, Farmer,  
Civil War Vet., 2nd Lieut. Co.  
D., 179 O. V. I.  
Fourth Gen.  
1. KATIE

## BRANCH III

### EVAN AND SUSANNA EVANS

Second Gen.  
3 SUSANNA JONES (Tirbach)  
Ohio EVAN EVANS (Ty mawr),  
Farmer known as "Evan  
Evans Settler."

Third Gen.  
1. EVAN (Jr.)  
2. DAVID D.  
3. JOHN W.  
4. MARY, Dec'd.  
5. DANIEL W.  
6. ABRAHAM, Dec'd.  
7. MARY ANN  
8. WILLIAM  
9. WELLINGTON  
10...MARGARET JANE

Third Gen.  
1 EVAN EVANS, Farmer  
Ohio POLLY CHERRINGTON

Fourth Gen.  
1. BALDWIN B.  
2. CLINTON D.  
3. SUSAN, Dec'd.  
4. SARAH A., Dec'd.  
5. WELLINGTON C.  
6. TIMOTHY J.  
7. SIMEON E.  
8. SUSAN J.  
9. MARY ANN  
10. THOMAS J. C.

#### Second Wife

SARAH CHERRINGTON

11. MINNIE

Fourth Gen.  
1 BALDWIN B. EVANS. Mer-  
chant Auditor Jackson County  
Ohio JENNIE BUCKLEY

Fifth Gen.  
1. CORRELLA  
2. ALBERT V.  
3. NORAH  
4. HERBERT C.  
5. WALTER R.

Fifth Gen.  
1 COPRELLA EVANS  
Ohio T. S. VAUGHN, Clerk State  
Welfare Dept.

Sixth Gen.  
1. LUCILLE  
2. PAUL EVANS  
3. GLADYS

Sixth Gen.  
1 LUCILLE VAUGHN  
Ohio JAMES H. WARREN, M.D.

Seventh Gen.  
1. JAMES VAUGHN

Sixth Gen.  
2 PAUL E. VAUGHN, M.D.  
Ohio LUCYE HERSTON

Seventh Gen.  
1. PAUL (Jr.)

Sixth Gen.  
3 GLADYS VAUGHN  
Ohio HERBERT W. BASH,  
Athletic Coach

# EVAN AND SUSANNA EVANS

## Fifth Gen.

2 ALBERT V. EVANS, Unmarried. Reporter, City Editor  
W. Va.

## Fifth Gen.

3 NORAH EVANS  
Ohio THOS. S. GRIFFITHS, M.D.

## Fifth Gen.

4 HERBERT C. EVANS, M.D.

## Fifth Gen.

5 W. R. EVANS, M.D., Coroner  
Jackson County  
Ohio ANNA LEWIS

## Sixth Gen.

1. WALTER L., Student

## Fourth Gen.

2 CLINTON D. EVANS, Farmer,  
Civ'l War Vet., Lieut. Co.  
A., 1st O. H. A.

Mo. MARY D. HARRISON

## Fifth Gen.

1. CARRIE  
2. EMERSON  
3. LAWRENCE, Dec'd.  
4. JESSIE  
5. BELLE  
6. JOSEPHINE  
7. JUELLE  
8. THOMAS

## Fifth Gen.

1 CARRIE EVANS  
Mo. LEANDER L. RICHARDSON  
Farmer

## Sixth Gen.

1. LOREN L.  
2. LEANDER A.  
Second Husband  
DENNIS RODGERS  
3. ESTELLA  
4. MABEL G., Artist  
5. HARRY D.

## Sixth Gen.

1 LOREN L. RICHARDSON,  
Farmer. World War Vet.  
Neb. GLADYS ARNOLD

## Seventh Gen.

1. HELEN M.  
2. ARNOLD LEE

## Sixth Gen.

2 LEANDER A. RICHARDSON  
World War Vet.  
Neb. PEARL MORTON

## Sixth Gen.

3 ESTELLA RODGERS  
Tenn. R. C. HART, M.D.

## Seventh Gen.

1. JEAN C.

## Fifth Gen.

2 EMERSON EVANS, School  
Teacher, Farmer  
Mo. LIZZY SCLOSSER

## Sixth Gen.

1. HARRY, Dec'd.

## Second Wife

ELLA JONES  
2. Name not given.

## Fifth Gen.

4 JESSIE EVANS  
Mo. LEROY TILLIE, Farmer

## Sixth Gen.

1. HALLIE D.  
2. GLADYS  
3. CRESSIE

## Fifth Gen.

5 BELLE EVANS, Unmarried,  
Mo. School Teacher

## Fifth Gen.

6 JOSEPHINE EVANS  
Mo. E. W. BREWER, Postmaster

## Sixth Gen.

1. LOLA, Dec'd.  
2. CLINTON  
3. EVAN W.  
4. GLEE

## Sixth Gen.

3 EVAN W. BREWER, Unmarried,  
R. R. Agent, Operator  
N. Mex.

## Sixth Gen.

4 GLEE BREWER  
Cal. —DeTORO, R. R. Engineer



# EVAN AND SUSANNA EVANS

**Fifth Gen.**  
**7 LUELLA EVANS**  
 eb. ——— **SHRADER, Farmer**  
**Sixth Gen.**

1. HARRY
2. RICHARD
3. THOMAS
4. ALMA
5. RAY
6. CARL
7. WILLIAM
8. THELMA, School Teacher

**Fifth Gen.**  
**8 THOMAS EVANS, Farmer**  
**Neb. LULU DALE**

- Sixth Gen.**
1. ROBERTA
  2. PAUL
  3. MABEL L., Dec'd.

**Fourth Gen.**  
**5 WELLINGTON EVANS, R. R.**  
**Agcn, Civil War Vet., Q. M.**  
**Sergeant, Co. A., 1st O. H. A.**  
**Ohio ELISABETH GILLILAND**

- Fifth Gen.**
1. ORA O.
  2. HATTIE

**Fifth Gen.**  
**1 ORA O. EVANS, President**  
**Iron Bank, Jackson Ohio**  
**Ohio EUGENIA F. GLIDDEN**

- Sixth Gen.**
1. FLORENCE FORSYTHE, Music Teacher, Graduate

**Fourth Gen.**  
**6 TIMOTHY J. EVANS, Mer-**  
**chant, Civil War Vet., Captain**  
**Co. I, 172 O. V. I.**  
**Ohio ELLA JONES**

- Fifth Gen.**
1. EDGAR T.
  2. GRACE M.

**Fifth Gen.**  
**1 EDGAR T. EVANS, Banker,**  
**Coal Operator, Clerk of Court**  
**Jackson County**  
**Ohio ELISABETH S. LLOYD**

- Sixth Gen.**
1. MARGARET E.

2. TIMOTHY LLOYD, Dec'd.
3. E. PAUL
4. MYRON T., Graduate U. S. Naval Academy
5. ADDISON V., Banker

**Sixth Gen.**  
**1 MARGARET E. EVANS**  
**Mich. ALFRED H. WHITACRE,**  
**M.D.**

- Seventh Gen.**
1. ALFRID

**Sixth Gen**  
**3 E. PAUL EVANS, Bank and**  
**Brick Business**  
**Ohio DOROTHY HAUKE**

- Seventh Gen.**
1. DIANA

**Fifth Gen.**  
**2 GRACE M. EVANS**  
**Ohio J. A. PLUMMER, M.D.**

**Sixth Gen.**  
**1. JAMES A., Merchant**  
**Second Husband**  
**Ohio E. L. DARLING, Merchant**

**Fourth Gen.**  
**7 SIMEON EVANS, Merchant,**  
**Civil War Vet., Sergeant Co.**  
**I, 172 O. V. I.**  
**Ohio SARAH E. LUMMIS**

- Fifth Gen.**
1. ARTHUR L.
  2. ERNEST L.
  3. BESSIE

**Fifth Gen.**  
**1 ARTHUR L. EVANS, Manu-**  
**facturer, President of Com-**  
**mercial Paste Co.**  
**Ohio CORA S. STERNBERGER**  
**1. MARK S.**  
**2. BETTY**

**Sixth Gen.**  
**1 MARK S. EVANS, Attorney**  
**Ohio KATHRYN STEINBOWER**

# EVAN AND SUSANNA EVANS

## Sixth Gen.

2 BETTY EVANS  
Ohio J. WILLARD LOOS,  
Merchant

## Seventh Gen.

1. SALLY ANN

## Fourth Gen.

10 THOMAS J. C. EVANS, R. R.  
Clerk  
Ohio CALIFORNIA JOHNSON

1. MAUDE  
2. CRESSIE D.  
3. RALPH  
4. CATHERINE  
5. THOMAS C.  
6. MARY O.  
7. JESSIE  
8. FLORENCE  
9. HARRY B., Dec'd.  
10. ALFRED C.

## Fifth Gen.

1 MAUDE EVANS  
Ohio DANIEL B. JONES, Book-  
keeper, Span'sh Vet., Mem-  
ber 6th Regiment Band

## Fifth Gen.

2 CRESSIE D. EVANS  
Ohio GEORGE B. NYE, M.D.

## Sixth Gen.

1. IRENE  
2. GEORGE DEWEY

## Sixth Gen.

2 GEORGE D. NYE, Attorney  
Ohio MARGARET GORDON

## Seventh Gen.

1. MARIE LOUISE

## Fifth Gen.

3 RALPH J. EVANS, Cashier  
Ohio IVA GLENN

## Sixth Gen.

1. VIRGINIA GLENN

## Sixth Gen.

1 VIRGINIA G. EVANS  
S. Ca. JULIAN PROTHRO

## Seventh Gen.

1. VIRGINIA

## Fifth Gen.

4 CATHERINE EVANS  
Md. ANDREW ETZHORN,  
Insurance

## Sixth Gen.

1. DOROTHY  
2. THOMAS E.

## Sixth Gen.

1 DOROTHY ETZHORN  
Ga. LEONARD FULFORD, Chief  
Clerk Airline

## Seventh Gen.

1. LEONARD (Jr.)

## Fifth Gen.

5 THOMAS C. EVANS, Clerk  
Ohio HAZEL RODGERS

## Sixth Gen.

1. THOMAS C. (Jr.)

## Fifth Gen.

8 FLORENCE EVANS  
Ohio WILLIAM E. PETERS, Clerk

## Sixth Gen.

1. ROBERT W.  
2. THOMAS E.

## Fifth Gen.

10 ALFRED C. EVANS, Musician  
Ohio LEROSE WILBUR

## Sixth Gen.

1. ALFRED C. (Jr.)

## Fourth Gen.

11 MINNIE EVANS  
Ohio J. T. CALLAHAN, Granite  
Dealer

## Third Gen.

2 DAVID D. EVANS, Farmer,  
First Welsh Child Born in the  
settlement.

Ohio CYNTHIA LASLEY

## Fourth Gen.

1. ABRAM J., Civil War Vet., 7th  
O. V. C.  
2. MARY JANE  
3. ALVIRA A.  
4. SUSAN M.  
5. EVAN E.  
6. WILLIAM L.  
7. DANIEL L.  
8. LUELLA



# EVAN AND SUSANNA EVANS

## Fourth Gen.

- 2 MARY J. EVANS  
Ohio WILLIAM W. GIRTON,  
Farmer, Civil War Soldier, 100  
day men.

## Fifth Gen.

1. NELLIE L.  
2. W. LESLIE

## Fifth Gen.

- 1 NELLIE L. GIRTON  
Ind. FRANK MORLAN, Auto Sup-  
plies

## Fifth Gen.

- 2 W. L. GIRTON, Farmer  
S. Da. SARAH LOVRE

## Sixth Gen.

1. WILMA  
2. NELLIE  
3. ALLAN  
4. GAIL  
5. EVAN  
6. ALLAIRE

## Fourth Gen.

- 3 ALVIRA A. EVANS  
Ohio JOHN I. DAVIS, Carpenter,  
Contractor, Civil War Vet.,  
27th O. V. I.

## Fifth Gen.

1. LAURA  
2. EDWARD, Dec'd.  
3. MARGARET  
4. BERTHA

## Fifth Gen.

- 1 LAURA DAVIS  
Ohio JOHN H. HENSEL, Decorator

## Fifth Gen.

- 3 MARGARET DAVIS  
Ohio DENNIS THOME, R. R.

## Sixth Gen.

1. EDWIN D.

## Fifth Gen.

- 4 BERTHA DAVIS  
Ohio WILLIAM W. ENSEY, M.D.

## Sixth Gen.

1. CATHERINE  
2. VI LOUISE

## Fourth Gen.

- 4 SUSAN M. EVANS  
Cal. ELI B. BINGHAM, Attorney,  
Civil War Vet., Co. G., 7th  
O. V. C.

## Fifth Gen.

1. EDFRID ALBERTUS  
2. LUEVA  
3. CARA GAIL, Dec'd.  
4. FRED MORTON, Dec'd.  
5. DAISY MABEL  
6. WILLIAM EDWARD

## Fifth Gen.

- 1 EDFRID A. BINGHAM,  
Writer  
Cal. HELEN CHESLEY

## Sixth Gen.

1. EDFRID CHESLEY

## Fifth Gen.

- 5 DAISY M. BINGHAM  
Cal. ROBERT A. HALL, Electrician

## Sixth Gen.

1. MARTHA L.

## Fourth Gen.

- 5 EVAN E. EVANS, Merchant  
Ohio ELIZA L. JONES

## Fifth Gen.

1. CYNTHIA, School Teacher  
2. HELENA  
3. EDWARD LAMAR, Salesman,  
World War Vet., U. S. Navy Sea-  
man.

## Fifth Gen.

- 2 HELENA EVANS  
Ohio WILBUR W. REYNOLDS,  
Farmer

## Sixth Gen.

1. EDWARD EVANS  
2. MARY ELIZABETH

## Fourth Gen.

- 6 WILLIAM L. EVANS,  
Insurance  
Ohio EMMA PARRY

## Fourth Gen.

- 7 DANIEL L. EVANS, Clerk  
Ohio PLUMA J. WHITE

# EVAN AND SUSANNA EVANS

## Fourth Gen.

- 8 LUELLA EVANS,  
Cal. FRED D. McCARTHY, Book-  
keeper

## Fifth Gen.

1. WILLIAM D.

## Fifth Gen.

- 1 WILLIAM D. McCARTHY,  
Newspaperman  
Cal. LUCILLE PARKER

## Sixth Gen.

1. FRANCES  
2. LUELLA

## Third Gen.

- 3 JOHN W. EVANS, School  
Teacher, Farmer  
Ohio MARGARET CHERRINGTON

## Fourth Gen.

1. MERICK M., School Teacher  
2. VIOLA  
3. LEONIDAS L., School Teacher  
4. FREDERICK W., School Teacher  
5. ELMER E.  
6. LILLIAN  
7. WILLIAM  
8. HOMER  
9. CHARLES W.  
10. HAYDEN, M.D.

## Fourth Gen.

- 3 LEONIDAS L. EVANS, P.H.D.  
Principal Riner College, Calif.  
Cal. ROSE GILDON

## Fifth Gen.

1. JOHN, Dec'd.

## Fourth Gen.

- 4 FRED W. EVANS, Merchant  
Ohio IDA HUNT, School Teacher

## Fifth Gen.

1. CLARA  
2. EDNA, Saleslady  
3. GRACE  
4. STANFORD, M.D.

## Fifth Gen.

- 1 CLARA EVANS  
Ohio CARL FORSYTHE, Gents  
Clothing

## Sixth Gen.

1. CARL (Jr.) Student

## Fifth Gen.

- 3 GRACE EVANS  
Tex. HOWARD CHISHOLM,  
Cashier

## Fourth Gen.

- 5 ELMER E. EVANS, Merchant  
Ohio EMMA NEELY

## Fifth Gen.

1. WILBUR, Jeweler World War  
Vet., Co. C, Field Signal Bat-  
talion  
2. ESTHER

## Second Wife

ANISE EVANS

## Fifth Gen.

- 2 ESTHER EVANS  
Cal. A. J. MOUTON, Seaman, U. S.  
Navy

## Second Husband

- Colo. GRANT GLEYRE, R. R. Con-  
ductor

## Fourth Gen.

- 7 WILLIAM EVANS,  
Real Estate  
Ok. HATTIE BABCOCK

## Fifth Gen.

1. MARGARET  
2. WILLIAM TAFT

## Fourth Gen.

- 8 HOMER EVANS,  
Deputy Sheriff  
Ok. VERA MARTIN

## Fifth Gen.

1. WINONA  
2. MERICK M.

## Fourth Gen.

- 9 CHARLES W. EVANS, M.D.  
Ohio NELLIE WILEY

## Fifth Gen.

1. HAYDEN, Student

## Third Gen.

- 5 DANIEL W. EVANS, Farmer  
Ohio JANE JONES

## Fourth Gen.

1. E. HERBERT  
2. ANNIE  
3. D. ARTHUR



## EVAN AND SUSANNA EVANS

### Fourth Gen.

- 1     **E. HERBERT EVANS,**  
       Bookkeeper  
 Ohio **GERTRUDE MOSSBARGER**

### Fifth Gen.

1. RUTH, School Teacher

### Fourth Gen.

- 2     **ANNIE EVANS**  
 Ohio **D. ROBERT WILLIAMS,**  
       (Panty boeudy), Farmer,  
       Treasurer Jackson County

### Fifth Gen.

1. MARCELLA J., School Teacher  
 2. KATHRYN M., Graduate Nurse  
 3. DAVID E.

### Third Gen.

- 7     **MARY ANN EVANS, Died in**  
       1857  
 Ohio **B. B. LASLEY**

### Fourth Gen.

1. LAURA  
 2. EVERETT

Note: Have failed to get further record of this family. Last known place of residence, in the State of California.

### Third Gen.

- 8     **WILLIAM EVANS, School**  
       Teacher, Unmarried. Was  
       Goldminer of 1849

### Third Gen.

- 9     **WELLINGTON EVANS, Un-**  
       married. Gold miner of 1849.

### Third Gen.

- 10    **MARGARET JANE EVANS**  
 Ohio **ROBERT W. JONES (Din-**  
       bych) School Teacher, Mer-  
       chant

### Fifth Gen.

1. JOHN WESLEY, School Teacher  
 2. EVAN LUTHER  
 3. ROBERT V., School Teacher

### Fourth Gen.

- 1     **JOHN W. JONES,**  
       Supt. Schools  
 Ohio **OLIVE MORRISON**

### Fifth Gen.

1. MARGARET E.

### Fourth Gen

- 3     **ROBERT V. JONES, Merchant**  
 Ohio **NAOMI DAVIS**

### Fifth Gen.

1. RUTH  
 2. ROBERT  
 3. EVAN DAVIS

### Fifth Gen.

- 1     **RUTH JONES**  
       **WESLEY KING, Pharmacist**  
       Sixth Gen.

1. ROBERT

## BRANCH IV

### TIMOTHY and HANNAH JONES

Timothy Jones (Tirbach) Born in Wales. Dealer in Real Estate. Founder of the Village of Centerville.

### Second Gen.

- 4     **TIMOTHY JONES (Tirbach)**  
       Farmer, Prop. of Woden Mills  
 Ohio **HANNAH WILLIAMS (Pant**  
       Wallen) Born in Wales.

### Third Gen.

1. JAMES  
 2. DAVID Unmarried, Saw Mill,  
    Lumber  
 3. MARGARET, Dec'd.  
 4. ELEANOR  
 5. WILLIAM, Dec'd.  
 6. EMMA L.

### Third Gen.

- 1     **JAMES JONES. Saw Mill,**  
       Wool Carder  
 Ohio **NARCISSA DONLEY**

### Fourth Gen.

1. CHARLES  
 2. ELLA, Dec'd.  
 3. JAMES OSCAR, Dec'd.  
 4. VIOLA, Dec'd.  
 5. JESSIE  
 6. WARREN



# TIMOTHY AND HANNAH JONES

## Fourth Gen.

- 1 CHARLES JONES, Salesman  
Ohio CAROLINE ATKINSON

## Fourth Gen.

- 5 JESSIE JONES  
Ohio JAMES F. MORGAN (Tir-  
bach) Hardware.

## Fifth Gen.

1. NARCIE  
2. MARY  
3. JAMES P.  
4. JESSIE ROMAINE, Supervisor  
of Art. Lorain, Ohio  
5. DAVID, Student

## Fifth Gen.

- 2 MARY MORGAN  
Ohio RALPH WINEGARNER, Sales  
Manager, World War Vet.,  
324 Heavy Artillery.

## Fourth Gen.

- 6 WARREN JONES  
Ind. JANE WILLIAMS  
Second Wife  
GRACE WRIGHT

## Third Gen.

- 4 ELEANOR JONES  
Ohio WILLIAM EVANS, Farmer,  
Thresher, Civil War Vet., Co.  
E. 1st O. V. C.

## Fourth Gen.

1. ANNA  
2. MARGARET

## Fourth Gen.

- 1 ANNA EVANS  
Ohio \_\_\_\_\_

## Fifth Gen.

1. ELLA, Grade Teacher, Jackson,  
Ohio Schools

## Fourth Gen.

- 2 MARGARET EVANS  
Ohio JOHN THOMAS, Postmaster,  
Insurance, Civil War Vet., 36  
Reg. O. V. I.

## Fifth Gen.

1. WILLIAM E.  
2. HOMER E.  
3. RALPH E.

4. MARJORIE, Stenographer  
5. MILDRED

## Fifth Gen.

- 1 WILLIAM E. THOMAS,  
Spanish Vet., Co. H., 4th O.  
Ohio \_\_\_\_\_

## Fifth Gen.

- 2 HOMER E. THOMAS, Tinner  
Ohio MARGARET BOND

## Fifth Gen.

- 3 RALPH E. THOMAS, Sec'y  
Chamber Commerce  
Idaho HARIET SLAVENS

## Sixth Gen.

1. MARGARET

## Fifth Gen.

- 5 MILDRED THOMAS  
Mo LONDON C. WOOD, Drafts-  
man, World War Vet., Avia-  
tion Service

## Sixth Gen.

1. LONDON C. (Jr.)  
2. ELLEN

## Third Gen.

- 6 EMMA L. JONES  
Ohio JOHN RUPP, Tinner, Civil  
War Vet.

## Fourth Gen.

1. LOU  
2. KATE  
3. LAURA

## Fourth Gen.

- 1 LOU RUPP  
Ohio CHARLES EASTERDAY,  
Pharmacist

## Fifth Gen.

1. JOHN M.

## Fifth Gen.

- 1 JOHN M. EASTERDAY, Sales-  
man  
ALICE BIRD

## Sixth Gen.

1. JOHN M. (Jr.)  
2. EMMA LOU  
3. JAMES BIRD

## TIMOTHY AND HANNAH JONES

Fourth Gen.

2     **KATE RUPP**  
 Ohio **WILLIAM E. THOMAS, Post-**  
       **master**

Fifth Gen.

1. CATHERINE

Fourth Gen.

3     **LAURA RUPP**  
       **HARRY HAUSMAN, Purchas-**  
       **ing Agent Lehigh Cement Co.**

Fifth Gen.

1. ANNA LOU

## WILLIAM AND JANE DULANY BRANCH V

Jane Jones (Tirbach).    Born in Wales.    First of the pioneers to marry an American.

Second Gen.

5     **JANE JONES (Tirbach)**  
 Ohio **WILLIAM DULANY, Farmer**

Third Gen.

1. MARY  
 2. MILTON  
 3. SARAH ANN, Dec'd.  
 4. ANISE, Dec'd.  
 5. ELEANOR  
 6. MARGARET

Third Gen.

1     **MARY DULANY**  
 Ohio **JOHN PHILLIPS, Farmer,**  
       **Civil War Vet., 173rd O. V. I.**

Fourth Gen.

1. WILLIAM  
 2. THURMAN  
 3. MARY JANE  
 4. JOSEPHUS  
 5. MINERVA  
 6. MILDRED  
 7. OCTAVIA, Dec'd.

Fourth Gen.

1     **WILLIAM PHILLIPS, M. D.**  
 Ohio **SUSAN NUTT**

Fifth Gen.

1. IDA  
 2. EDITH  
 3. OAKLEY P.

Fifth Gen.

1     **IDA PHILLIPS**  
 Ohio **W. CARSON WEBB, Photo-**  
       **grapher**

Sixth Gen.

1. THEODORE PHILLIPS  
 2. RUSSEL, Photographer

Sixth Gen.

1     **THEODORE P. WEBB, Photo-**  
       **grapher**  
 Ohio **NELLIE MAY STUMPS**

Seventh Gen.

1. JOAN

Fifth Gen.

2     **EDITH PHILLIPS**  
 Ohio **GEORGE WELLS, Real Es-**  
       **tate Broker.**

Sixth Gen.

1. WILLIAM P.  
 2. CHESTER E.

Sixth Gen.

1     **WILLIAM P. WELLS**  
 Ohio **MARY E. LAMBKIN**

Fifth Gen.

3     **OAKLEY P. PHILLIPS, Real**  
       **Estate**  
 Cal. **-FLORENCE COCHRAN**

Sixth Gen.

1. OAKLEY WILLARD

Second Wife

**MARIE GORDON**

2. DOROTHY GORDON

Sixth Gen.

1     **OAKLEY W. PHILLIPS, En-**  
       **gineer**  
 Pa. **MARGARET WHITACRE**

Seventh Gen.

1. OAKLEY WILLARD, Dec'd.  
 2. SHIRLEY  
 3. NORMAN ELWOOD  
 4. FLORENCE COCHRAN  
 5. MARGARET IDA

# WILLIAM AND JANE DULANY

## Sixth Gen.

2 DOROTHY G. PHILLIPS  
Ohio GEORGE S. SHEANOW

## Seventh Gen.

1. GEORGE GORDON

## Fourth Gen.

2 THURMAN PHILLIPS, Book-keeper

Ohio MARY FARMER

## Fifth Gen.

1. DELLA  
2. JESSIE  
3. JENNIE

## Fifth Gen.

1 DELLA PHILLIPS  
Ohio H. E. PERKES

## Sixth Gen.

1. THURMAN

## Fifth Gen.

2 JESSIE PHILLIPS  
Ohio ——— DICKASON

## Sixth Gen.

1. PHILLIPS

## Fifth Gen.

3 JENNIE PHILLIPS  
——— FRENCH

## Sixth Gen.

1. DAUGHTER, name forgotten

## Fourth Gen.

3 MARY JANE PHILLIPS  
Ohio CHARLES NEWSOME

## Fourth Gen.

4 JOSEPHUS PHILLIPS, School Teacher. Unmarried

## Fourth Gen.

5 MINERVA PHILLIPS, Seamstress. Unmarried.

## Fourth Gen.

6 MILDRED PHILLIPS  
Ohio CHARLES REED, Gardener

## Fifth Gen.

1. CASSIE  
2. PEARL  
3. SAIDA  
5. HELEN

## Fifth Gen.

1 CASSIE REED  
Ohio CHARLES WILGUS, Manager  
Cashier

## Sixth Gen.

1. CHARLES (Jr.)  
2. WILLIAM  
3. EDWARD

## Fifth Gen.

2 PEARL REED  
Ohio R. L. HAUXHURST,  
Machinist

## Fifth Gen.

3 JESSIE I. REED  
Ohio PHILLIP D. WALBORN, Coal  
Operator

## Sixth Gen.

1. ROBERT REED

## Fifth Gen.

4 SAIDA E. REED  
Ohio FRED H. WHITE, Assistant  
Manager

## Fifth Gen.

5 HELEN REED  
Ohio RUSSEL KASTRUS, Banker

## Sixth Gen.

1. MARILYN JOAN

## Third Gen.

2 MILTON DULANY, Farmer  
Ohio SARAH HESLER

## Fourth Gen.

1. JESSIE

## Fourth Gen.

1 JESSIE DULANY  
Ohio DAVID EDWARDS, Hard-ware

## Fifth Gen.

1. ARTHUR  
2. HOWARD  
3. EARL

## Fifth Gen.

1 ARTHUR EDWARDS, Draftsman  
Ohio MARIE DUNBAR



# WILLIAM AND JANE DULANY

## Fifth Gen.

- 2 HOWARD EDWARDS  
Ohio ETHEL LEGO

## Sixth Gen.

1. MARILYN JEAN  
2. DORIS ELAINE

## Third Gen.

- 4 ELEANOR DULANY  
Ohio JAMES HUNT, School Teacher, Farmer, Auctioneer, J. P. Civil War Vet., 173 O. V. I.

## Fourth Gen.

1. WILLIAM EDWARD, Dec'd.  
2. ELIZABETH ANN  
3. LAURA JANE  
4. CHARLES ELMER, Marble Cutter.  
5. VIRGIL, Dec'd.  
6. HELEN EMMA

## Fourth Gen.

- 2 ELIZABETH A. HUNT  
Ohio EDWIN ROBERTS, Cabinet Maker

## Fifth Gen.

1. ZELLA, Music Teacher, Harpist

## Fourth Gen.

- 3 LAURA J. HUNT  
Ohio W. H. MORGAN, Mine Boss

## Fifth Gen.

1. EDNA, Dec'd.  
2. TRUMAN  
3. ELLWOOD, Dec'd.

## Second Husband

- Ohio JAMES F. STEVENSON, Salesman  
4. INA LUCILLE

## Fifth Gen.

- 2 TRUMAN MORGAN, Book-keeper. Unmarried.  
Ohio

## Fifth Gen.

- 4 INA L. STEVENSON  
Ohio WILLIAM E. MANION, Engineer

## Sixth Gen.

1. WILLIAM E. (Jr.)

## Fourth Gen.

- 6 HELEN E. HUNT  
Ohio CHARLES LUNSFORD, Telegrapher

## Third Gen.

- 5 MARGARET DULANY  
Ohio EDWARD STUBBS, Farmer, Civil War Vet., Co. M, 7th O. V. C.

## Fourth Gen.

1. CHARLES A.  
2. MARY ELLEN  
3. ANNA MAY

## Fourth Gen.

- 1 CHARLES A. STUBBS, Farmer  
Ohio—SARAH WORTHINGTON

## Fifth Gen.

1. ROY  
2. HELEN  
3. EDNA  
4. GLENN  
5. ESSIE  
6. THELMA, Student  
7. ARTA  
8. FINLEY  
9. DALE

## Fifth Gen.

- 1 ROY STUBBS, Manager Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.  
Ohio MARY ROSE

## Sixth Gen.

1. DOROTHY  
2. NORMA  
3. NELLE  
4. EARL

## Fifth Gen.

- 2 HELEN STUBBS  
Ohio FLOYD MARHOOVER, Farmer

## Sixth Gen.

1. CHARLES  
2. NEIL

## Fifth Gen.

- 3 EDNA STUBBS  
Ohio HUGH MARTIN, Tailor

## Sixth Gen.

1. BLANCHE ANN  
2. MARY JOSEPHINE

## WILLIAM AND JANE DULANY

Fifth Gen.

5     **ESSIE STUBBS**  
Ohio **FREMONT STEINER**,  
Electrician

Sixth Gen.

1.   **HILDA**

Fourth Gen.

2     **MARY E. STUBBS**  
Ohio **WILLIAM SMITH**, Farmer

Fifth Gen.

1.   **ZELMA**, Dec'd.

Fourth Gen.

3     **ANNA MAY STUBBS**  
Ohio **LON ADDY**, Farmer

Fifth Gen.

1.   **EARL**

2.   **EVERTT**  
Second Husband  
Ohio **FRANK JOHNSON**

Fifth Gen.

1     **EARL ADDY**, R. R. Engineer  
Ohio **DAISY HENSON**  
Sixth Gen.

1.   **MILES**

Fifth Gen.

2     **EVERETT ADDY**, Guard at  
Reformatory, Pontiac, Ill.

III. **FAY JOHNSON**

Sixth Gen.

1.   **MARGARET EVELYN**  
2.   **EDITH JANE**  
3.   **DORTHY MAY**  
4.   **BETH LOUISE**

## DAVID AND MARY JONES

### BRANCH I

#### DAVID JONES (Tirbach)

Eldest child of John Jones (Tirbach) was a ship carpenter by trade and did not emigrate to this country until about 1836 or 37, the exact date is not known. He is believed to have succeeded his father in the Tavern in Wales. He was known as "Dave Ship" and was of a jovial disposition and lived on a farm east of Oak Hill. He died in 1857 and lies burried in the Oak Hill Congregational cemetery.

Second Gen.

1     **DAVID JONES** (Ship), Car-  
penter, Farmer  
Ohio **MARY JONES**

Third Gen.

1.   **DANIEL**  
2.   **ELEANOR**  
3.   **JOHN**  
4.   **MARY**  
5.   **JANE**  
6.   **ELISABETH**  
7.   **ANN**

Third Gen.

Ohio 1 **DANIEL JONES** remained  
a confirmed bachelor all his life  
He was a goldminer of 1849, and  
enjoyed a wide acquaintance,  
everybody knew "Dan Ship." He  
was of medium height, heavily  
built and of a swarthy complex-

ion, thickly pitted with the small  
pox. He wore a heavy gold watch  
and chain and was a welcome  
visitor and very entertaining  
talker.

Third Gen.

2     **ELEANOR JONES**. Born in  
Wales.  
Ohio **DAVID L. EVANS**, Farmer  
Fourth Gen.

1.   **EVAN L.**  
2.   **MARY ANN**

Fourth Gen.

1     **EVAN L. EVANS**, Farmer,  
Ohio Thresher  
Neb. **ELIZA REESE**  
Fifth Gen.

1.   **JOHN M.**  
2.   **ELLA**  
3.   **DAVID**  
4.   **JENNIE**  
5.   **WELLINGTON**



# DAVID AND MARY JONES

## Fifth Gen.

- 1 JOHN M. EVANS, Banker  
Neb. MARTHA NORMAN  
Second Wife  
GOLDIE RICHARDSON

## Fifth Gen.

- 2 ELLA EVANS  
Neb. IRWIN A. McDOWELL,  
Salesman

## Sixth Gen.

1. MARSHALL
2. VERA
3. HERBERT
4. IRENE

## Sixth Gen.

- 1 MARSHALL McDOWELL Oil  
Filling Station  
Ohio IOLA DILLING

## Seventh Gen.

1. GERALD

## Sixth Gen.

- 2 VERA McDOWELL  
Neb. CLARK LUNDY, Farmer

## Seventh Gen.

1. WILLIAM
2. GORDON
3. PATTY
4. DOROTHY
- Twins
5. DORIS

## Sixth Gen.

- 3 HERBERT McDOWELL, Bank  
Clerk  
Neb. GLADYS

## Seventh Gen.

1. MERCEDE

## Sixth Gen.

- 4 IRENE McDOWELL  
Fla. DOUGLAS HANEY, Laundry

## Seventh Gen.

1. JOHN
2. DAUGHTER, name not given

## Fifth Gen.

- 4 JENNIE EVANS  
Ohio A. S. HARTSOOK, Farmer

## Sixth Gen.

1. VIRGIE
2. MILLARD

3. DAVID
4. VIOLA
5. WENDELL
6. ELISABETH

## Sixth Gen.

- 1 VIRGIE HARTSOOK  
Ohio P. S. FISHER, Factory

## Seventh Gen.

1. RICHARD
2. NILES
3. EULA
4. JENNIE
5. WILLIAM

## Sixth Gen.

- 2 MILLARD HARTSOOK, Supt.  
Schools  
Ohio BLANCHE DAVIS

## Sixth Gen.

- 3 DAVID HARTSOOK, Factory  
Ohio EDNA DAVIS

## Seventh Gen.

1. VIRGIL

## Sixth Gen.

- 4 VIOLA HARTSOOK  
Ohio CLAY GEE, School Teacher

## Seventh Gen.

1. JENNIE

## Fifth Gen.

- 5 WELLINGTON, EVANS,  
Banker  
Neb. VIOLA MUDGE

## Sixth Gen.

1. EDITH
2. ELVA
3. JOHN
4. ROBERT

## Fourth Gen.

- 2 MARY ANN EVANS  
Ohio GEORGE REESE, Farmer,  
Civil War Vet., 179 O. V. I.

## Fifth Gen.

1. ELLA, Matron Y. M. C. A.
2. ELISABETH
3. EMMA
4. EVAN
5. ALICE
6. BARBARA
7. JOHN
8. LEAH

DAVID AND MARY JONES

Fifth Gen.

2 ELISABETH REESE  
Ohio JACOB DECARD, Farmer  
Sixth Gen.

1. DAISY
2. BERTHA
3. MARY ANN
4. CAM, Dec'd.
5. CHUB
6. ALICE

Sixth Gen.

1 DAISY DECARD  
Ohio JOHN BURLILE, Farmer  
Seventh Gen.

1. FLOYD
2. ESSEL
3. GUSSIE
4. VIRGIE
5. MILLARD

Seventh Gen.

1 FLOYD BURLILE, Manager  
Cream Station  
Ohio FLOSSIE KENT

Seventh Gen.

2 ESSEL BURLILE, Manager,  
Standard Oil  
Ohio HAZEL WOLEMDORF  
Eight Gen.

1. JOHN W.
2. MARY R.

Seventh Gen.

3 GUSSIE BURLILE  
Ohio ELMER SHERITT, Truck  
Driver

Eight Gen.

1. DOROTHY M.

Seventh Gen.

4 VIRGIE BURLILE  
W. Va. TED RAMILLER, Contractor  
Eight Gen.

1. EVAN W.
2. BETTY A.

Sixth Gen.

2 BERTHA DECARD  
Ohio JAMES GARDINER, R. R.  
Office

Seventh Gen.

1. JAMES, M. D.
2. ROBERT, Dentist

Fifth Gen.

3 MARY ANN DECARD  
Ohio CLINT GOOD, Butcher

Fifth Gen.

5 CHUB DECARD, R. R. Office  
Ohio GRETA WALLACE

Fifth Gen.

3 EMMA REESE  
Ohio JAMES LANTZ, Teamster  
Sixth Gen.

1. EMMA
2. FRED
3. REESE, Dec'd.
4. ORPHA

Sixth Gen.

1 EMMA LANTZ  
Mich. ARTHUR LINDHAM, Laborer  
Seventh Gen.

1. JAMES
2. FLORENCE
3. NELLE
4. ART

Twins

5. ARTHUR
6. ELISABETH
7. ELMER
8. ROBERT
9. EMMA AUGUSTA

Seventh Gen.

1 JAMES LINDHAM,  
Machinist  
Mich. CECILIA COLE

Eighth Gen.

1. BETTY LOU
2. JAMES (Jr.)

Seventh Gen.

5 ARTHUR LINDHAM, Hotel  
Employee  
Mich. CREVA HEWITT

Eighth Gen.

1. PAUL J.

Sixth Gen.

2 FRED LANTZ, Electrical En-  
gineer  
Kan. FLORENCE CAPO

Seventh Gen.

1. ELEANOR J.

# DAVID AND MARY JONES

Fifth Gen

4      EVAN REESE, Miner  
Ohio NAOMI ABBOTT  
Sixth Gen.  
1. GEORGIA

Fifth Gen

5      ALICE REESE  
Mich. JACK BOLEN, Barber  
Sixth Gen.  
1. CLYDE  
2. MAMIE

Fifth Gen

6      BARBARA REES  
Ohio HEATHY DAWSON,  
Railroader  
Sixth Gen.  
1. FLORENCE  
2. VIRGIL

Sixth Gen.

1      FLORENCE DAWSON  
Ohio FRED H. LAHRMER,  
Attorney  
Seventh Gen.  
1. FREDERICK R., Actor  
2. JACK

Fifth Gen

2      VIRGIL DAWSON, Salesman  
Ohio ELISABETH NEWBERT  
Sixth Gen.  
1. BETTY JANE

Fifth Gen.

7      JOHN REESE, Mine Machin-  
ist  
Mich. MINNIE CHUCKWAY  
Third Gen.  
3      JOHN JONES (Ship) Tanner.  
Born in Wales. Known also  
as "John Jones Tanner."  
Ohio BETSY CHERRINGTON  
Fourth Gen.

1. MARY, Dec'd.  
2. SARAH  
3. DAVID F., De'c.  
4. ANN  
5. ELISABETH  
6. MATILDA  
7. HARRIET, Dec'd.

Fourth Gen.

2      SARAH JONES  
Ohio JOHN P. CUNNINGHAM,  
Neb. Farmer  
Fifth Gen.

1. VIRGIL  
2. MARY E.  
3. JENNIE  
Twins  
4. NORAH  
5. EVERETT O.  
6. EFFIE  
7. EDWARD CARIE  
8. OTTIE T.

Fifth Gen.

1      VIRGIL CUNNINGHAM,  
Grocer  
Neb. MARY FERRELL  
Sixth Gen.  
1. LESLIE  
2. BLANCHE  
3. CHESTER A.  
4. ALBERT  
5. ORA  
6. ELDEN E.  
7. DEVERN  
8. LETTIE  
9. EFFIE  
10. HOMER

Sixth Gen.

1      LESLIE CUNNINGHAM,  
Farmer  
Neb. JESSIE LEAP  
Seventh Gen.

1. HELEN  
2. FRANCES  
3. BERNICE  
4. EARL  
5. EDNA  
6. SARAH

Sixth Gen.

2      BLANCHE CUNNINGHAM  
Neb. RAYMOND HIXON, Mechanic  
Seventh Gen.  
1. RUTH

Sixth Gen.

3      CHESTER A. CUNNINGHAM,  
Farmer  
Neb. ONETA HALL  
Seventh Gen.  
1. ARTHUR  
2. HOWARD  
3. DEAN  
4. ROBERTA



DAVID AND MARY JONES

Sixth Gen.

- 4 ALBERT CUNNINGHAM,  
Farmer  
Neb. CARRIE ANDERSON

Seventh Gen.

1. LEO  
2. MARY

Sixth Gen.

- 5 ORA CUNNINGHAM,  
Neb. CLARANCE HAND, Mechanic

Seventh Gen.

1. BLANCHE  
2. LETTIE  
3. THELMA  
4. FERN  
5. ROSE

Sixth Gen.

- 6 ELDEN E. CUNNINGHAM,  
Bank Cashier, World War  
Vet., Quartermaster Corporal  
Wyo. KATHRYN MUER

Seventh Gen.

1. GENEVIEVE

Sixth Gen.

- 7 DEVERN CUNNINGHAM,  
Farmer, World War Vet., Co.  
C, 134th Inf.  
Neb. IRETA OBERSHAM

Sixth Gen.

- 8 LETTIE CUNNINGHAM  
Neb. CLIFFORD C. COLLINS,  
Farmer, World War Vet., 8th  
Co., 134 Inf.

Seventh Gen.

1. ROBERT  
2. BETHUNE

Sixth Gen.

- 9 EFFIE CUNNINGHAM  
Neb. ORVILLE WILSON, Farmer

Seventh Gen.

1. EDWIN  
2. LAWRENCE

Sixth Gen.

- 10 HOMER CUNNINGHAM,  
Bookkeeper  
Wash. DORIS TURSTAN

Fifth Gen.

- 2 MARY E. CUNNINGHAM  
Ohio CALVIN FERELL, Farmer

Sixth Gen.

1. EDWARD  
2. OTTIE L.

Second Husband

CALVIN CRUMMIE

3. LESTER O.  
4. SARAH E.  
5. AUGUSTA V.

Sixth Gen.

- 1 EDWARD E. FERELL, Farmer  
Ohio ETTA BREWER

Seventh Gen.

1. DOROTHY  
2. OPAL  
3. EVERETT  
4. RALPH  
5. HELEN

Sixth Gen.

- 3 LESTER O. CRUMMIE,  
Farmer  
Ohio IVY ROSS

Seventh Gen.

1. ARLIE RUTH  
2. EUGENE  
3. WYVETA  
4. BRUCE

Sixth Gen.

- 4 SARAH E. CRUMMIE  
Ohio OSCAR NEARY, Farmer

Seventh Gen.

1. OSCAR CRUMMIE

Sixth Gen.

- 5 AUGUSTA V. CRUMMIE  
Ohio EDGAR BARNES, Farmer

Seventh Gen.

1. PAULINE

Fifth Gen

- 3 JENNIE CUNNINGHAM  
NEB. HUGH GIBSON, Miner

Sixth Gen.

1. CHESTER  
2. CLAUDE  
3. DEWEY

# DAVID AND MARY JONES

## Sixth Gen.

3 DEWEY GIBSON, Grocer Clk.  
Neb. CELIA SIMKINS

## Fifth Gen

4 NORAH CUNNINGHAM  
Neb. TILFORD HOMAN, Farmer

## Sixth Gen.

1. VIRGIL H.  
2. ORPHA  
3. CARRIE  
4. JOY  
5. LELIA

## Sixth Gen.

2 ORPHA HOMAN  
Minn. STANLEY PICKLE, Farmer

## Sixth Gen.

3 CARRIE HOMAN  
Minn. SIMON HAGENMEISTER,  
Farmer

## Fifth Gen.

5 EVERETT O. CUNNINGHAM,  
Farmer  
Neb. JENNIE STRINGFELLOW

## Sixth Gen.

1. RAYMOND

## Fifth Gen

7 EDWARD C. CUNNINGHAM,  
Farmer  
Neb. HANNAH NELSON

## Sixth Gen.

1. LEIGHTON  
2. GERALD

## Fourth Gen.

4 ANN JONES  
Ohio MICHAEL LACKEY, Farmer.  
Civil War Vet., Co. H, 27th O.  
V. I.

## Fifth Gen.

1. LUELLA

## Fifth Gen.

1 LUELLA LACKEY  
Ohio THOMAS McCARLEY,  
Farmer

## Sixth Gen.

1. ELMER  
2. WILMA  
3. MILDRED

## Sixth Gen.

1 ELMER McCARLEY, Farmer  
Ohio WILMA DAVIS

## Seventh Gen.

1. ROBIN L.  
2. NORMA JEAN

## Fourth Gen.

5 ELISABETH JONES  
Ohio AARON WILLIAMS, Black-  
smith

## Fifth Gen

1. IDA  
2. IRA  
3. CLARA  
4. BLANCHE  
5. ORPHA

## Fifth Gen.

1 IDA WILLIAMS  
Ohio JOHN STEWART,  
Auto Salesman

## Fifth Gen

2 IRA WILLIAM, Foreman. Un-  
married

## Fifth Gen

4 BLANCHE WILLIAMS  
Ohio EMORY SHARP, Carpenter

## Sixth Gen.

1. HOWARD  
2. ELDRESS

## Sixth Gen.

1 HOWARD SHARP, Carpenter  
Ohio LORA WOODS

## Seventh Gen.

1. ROBERT

## Sixth Gen.

2 ELDRESS SHARP, Bus Driver  
Ohio MAUDE GRUBB

## Seventh Gen.

1. JAMES  
2. IRENE

## Fifth Gen.

5 ORPHA WILLIAMS  
Ohio CHARLES GIFFORD, Miner  
1. ELISABETH, School Teacher  
2. DONALD, World War Vet., Sea-  
man U. S. Navy.

# DAVID AND MARY JONES

## Fourth Gen.

6 MATILDA JONES  
Ohio JAMES LACKEY, Farmer

## Third Gen.

4 MARY JONES (Ship) Born  
in Wales.  
Ohio JOHN JONES (Sailor), Farm-  
er, Thresher

## Fourth Gen.

1. MARY
2. LIZZY
3. RICHARD
4. DANIEL
5. ANN

## Fourth Gen.

1 MARY JONES (Sailor)  
Ohio DAVID S. EVANS, Farmer.  
Singing Master

## Fifth Gen.

1. JOHN D.
2. EVAN A.
3. MARY JANE
4. DANIEL S.
5. ANNIE
6. ELISABETH

## Fifth Gen.

1 JOHN D. EVANS, Contractor  
and Builder  
Ohio MARTHA M. ROBERTS

## Sixth Gen.

1. DAVID G., Dec'd.
2. ESTHER

## Sixth Gen.

2 ESTHER EVANS  
Ohio NORMAN KUEHNER, Man-  
aging Editor Col. Dispatch

## Seventh Gen.

1. NORMAN EVANS
2. JOHN EDWARD

## Fifth Gen.

2 EVAN A. EVANS, Hardware  
Ohio EMMA BERRYHILL  
Second Wife  
CORA LEITH

## Fifth Gen.

3 MARY J. EVANS  
Ohio THOMAS PARRY, Coremaker

## Sixth Gen.

1. DAVID HAYDEN

## Sixth Gen.

1 DAVID H. PARRY, Attorney  
Ohio ELLEN ROBERTS

## Seventh Gen.

1. PATRICIA JANE

## Fifth Gen.

4 DANIEL S. EVANS, Farmer  
Ohio ELLEN O. EVANS, Graduate  
in Music

## Sixth Gen.

1. MARY C.
2. JOHN W.
3. DANIEL M.

## Fifth Gen.

5 ANNIE EVANS  
Ohio C. FREMONT MORGAN (Tir-  
bach). School Teacher. Farmer

## Sixth Gen.

1. DAVID FRANCIS
2. JAMES M. World War Vet.,  
Signal Corps Co. B.
3. GRACE
4. CHARLES FREMONT (Jr.)
5. PAULINE
6. ELISABETH

## Sixth Gen.

1 DAVID F. MORGAN. Carnen-  
ter, World War Vet., 1st Class  
Seaman. Naval Reserves  
Ohio MYRTLE G. LEWIS

## Sixth Gen.

3 GRACE MORGAN  
Ohio ARNOLD JONES Farmer,  
World War Vet., Co. D, 158  
D. B.

## Seventh Gen.

1. ARNOLD (Jr.)

## Sixth Gen.

4 CHARLES F. MORGAN, Ship-  
ping Clerk  
Ohio GERTRUDE BLACKBURN

## Seventh Gen.

1. CHARLES EUGENE

## Fifth Gen.

6 ELISABETH EVANS  
Ohio EDWARD PORTER, Music  
Dealer

## Sixth Gen.

1. WILLIAM
2. DAVID



## DAVID AND MARY JONES

### Fourth Gen.

- 2 **LIZZY JONES** (Sailor)  
Ohio **DAVID BEVAN** Machinist,  
Civil War Vet., Co. E. 27th O.  
V. I.

### Fifth Gen.

1. JOHN, Dec'd.
2. DAVID, Dec'd.
3. MAMIE, Dec'd.

### Fourth Gen.

- 3 **RICHARD JONES** (Sailor)  
Hotel Keeper, Civil War Vet.,  
Co. E, 27th O. V. I.  
Mich. **MARY EVANS**

### Fifth Gen.

1. JOHN
2. ELISABETH

NOTE:—"Dick Sailor," as he was familiarly called, was badly wounded while in the service. A minie ball tore its way clear through his body leaving a gap through which the surgeons drew a silk handkerchief in their efforts to cleanse the wound.

### Fourth Gen.

- 4 **DANIEL JONES** (Sailor)  
Known as "Dan Sailor." Stock  
Buyer. Policeman.  
Ohio **LAURA LLOYD**

### Fourth Gen.

- 5 **ANN JONES** (Sailor)  
Ohio **DAVID REESE.** Farmer,  
Stone Cutter

### Fifth Gen.

1. JOHN, Dec'd.

### Third Gen.

- 5 **JANE JONES** (Ship)  
Ohio **DAVID MORGAN,** Farmer,  
J. P.

### Fourth Gen.

1. DANIEL
2. DAVID L., School Teacher
3. THOMAS, De'cd.
4. MARY
5. JOHN, Dec'd.
6. CATHERINE, Dec'd.
7. ELISABETH
8. SARAH ANN

### Fourth Gen.

- 1 **DANIEL MORGAN,** Farmer  
Ohio **JANE THOMAS**  
Fifth Gen.

1. DAVID
2. CATHERINE
3. JENNIE Dec'd.
4. JANE, De'cd.
5. EVAN, Dec'd.
6. ALICE
7. THOMAS A.
8. JOHN V.
9. DANIEL C.

### Fifth Gen.

- 1 **DAVID MORGAN,** Teamster  
Ohio **JANE EDWARDS**

### Sixth Gen.

1. MARY G.
2. JANE M.
3. MARGARET A.
4. JOHN E.

### Fifth Gen.

- 2 **CATHERINE MORGAN**  
Ohio **CHARLES HUGHES,** Car-  
penter, Contractor

### Sixth Gen.

1. EMERSON
2. ANNA
3. EMMETT
4. EVAN H.
5. MORGAN M.

### Fifth Gen.

- 6 **ALICE MORGAN**  
Ohio **SAMUEL WASHBURN,**  
Farmer

### Sixth Gen.

1. PAUL
2. GLEN ALLEN

### Fifth Gen.

- 7 **THOMAS A. MORGAN,** Mer-  
chant, World War Vet., Co.  
K, 310 Inf. 78th Div.  
Ohio **EDITH RADABAUGH**

### Sixth Gen.

1. THOMAS W.

### Fifth Gen.

- 8 **JOHN V. MORGAN,** Steam  
Shovel Operator. Unmarried,  
Ohio World War Vet., Co. C, 148  
Machine Gun Battallion

# DAVID AND MARY JONES

## Fifth Gen.

- 9 DANIEL C. MORGAN, Motor-  
man, World War Vet., 4th  
Co., 158 D. B.

Ohio HAZEL KUHENER

## Sixth Gen.

1. CLIFFORD H.
2. DOROTHY L.

## Fourth Gen.

- 2 DAVID L. MORGAN, Monu-  
ments, Cemetery Work.

Ohio SUSAN PARRY

## Fifth Gen.

1. IDA
2. SPINTHER
3. JENNIE
4. STANLEY Dec'd
5. SUSAN

## Fifth Gen.

- 1 IDA MORGAN  
Ohio DANIEL J. LLOYD, Rural  
Mail Carrier

## Sixth Gen.

1. LEWIS P.

## Fifth Gen.

- 2 SPINTHER MORGAN, Real  
Estate  
Ok. GRACE E. THOMAS

## Sixth Gen.

1. DAVID L.

## Fifth Gen.

- 3 JENNIE MORGAN  
Ohio JOHN E. JONES, Wood  
Worker

## Sixth Gen.

1. HARIET
2. JANE N.
3. EDWARD S.

## Fourth Gen

- 4 MARY MORGAN  
Ohio WILLIAM W. HUGHES,  
Farmer, J. P., Civil War Vet.,  
Co. E, 56th O. V. I.

## Fifth Gen.

1. DAVID E., School Teacher
2. ELISABETH A.
3. WILLIAM WESLEY, School  
Teacher
4. JOHN LUTHER

5. JENNIE, School Teacher

6. MARY, School Teacher

## Fifth Gen.

- 2 ELISABETH A. HUGHES  
Ohio RICHARD N. DAVIS, Plum-  
mer

## Sixth Gen.

1. WILLIAM STANLEY, Dec'd.
2. NEWTON H.

## Fifth Gen.

- 3 WILLIAM W. HUGHES, City  
Letter Carrier  
Ohio HANNAH J. JONES  
1. VRINA

## Fifth Gen.

- 4 JOHN L. HUGHES, City Let-  
ter Carrier  
Ohio MARTHA E. MORGAN

## Sixth Gen.

1. MILDRED E.

## Fifth Gen.

- 5 JENNIE HUGHES  
Ohio MORRIS E. DAVIS, Sec.-  
Treas. Brick Plant

## Sixth Gen.

1. SARAH M.
2. MYRON E.
- Twins
3. MARIE E.

## Fifth Gen.

- 6 MARY HUGHES  
Ohio THOMAS R. DAVIS, Farmer

## Sixth Gen.

1. MARY E.
2. THOMAS W.

## Fourth Gen.

- 7 ELISABETH MORGAN  
Ohio DANIEL J. EVANS, Farmer

## Third Gen.

- 6 ELISABETH JONES (Ship)  
Ohio JOHN LLOYD, Harness and  
Saddle Maker

DAVID AND MARY JONES

Third Gen.

7 ANN JONES (Ship)  
Ohio JOHN JENKINS, Farmer  
Fourth Gen.

1. MARY
2. MARGARET
3. WILLIAM, Dec'd.
4. DAVID
5. DANIEL, Dec'd
6. JANE
7. WILLIAM J.
8. JOHN J.
9. ELISABETH, Dec'd.

Fourth Gen.

1 MARY JENKINS  
Ohio DAVID OWENS, Farmers

Fifth Gen.

1. OWEN W.
2. ANN J.
3. MARY

Fifth Gen.

1 OWEN W. OWENS, M.D.  
Ohio ELISABETH DAVIS

Sixth Gen.

1. WENDELL
2. EVAN
3. RICHARD

Fifth Gen.

2 ANN J. OWENS  
Ohio THOMAS JONES, Farmer

Sixth Gen.

1. WALTER
2. LEAH
3. DAVID
4. (SON) De'cd.
5. ANN ORPHA

Fourth Gen.

2 MARGARET JENKINS  
Ohio THOMAS OWENS, Farmer

Fifth Gen.

1. JOHN J.
2. MARY E.
3. OWEN H.
4. WILLIAM R.
5. MARTHA J.
6. ANNIE E.
7. MARGARET F.
8. THOMAS M.

Fifth Gen.

1 JOHN J. OWENS, Oil Filling  
Station  
Ohio REBEKAH DAVIS

Sixth Gen.

1. JAMES C.
2. THOMAS H.

Sixth Gen.

1 JAMES C. OWENS, Service  
Station  
Ohio DOROTHY PAVEY

Seventh Gen.

1. JAMES EARL

Sixth Gen.

2 THOMAS H. OWENS, Filling  
Station  
Ohio RUTH UHRIG

Seventh Gen.

1. CATHERINE ANN
2. THOMAS J.

Fifth Gen.

2 MARY E. OWENS  
Ohio WILLIAM J. REESE, Farmer

Sixth Gen.

1. MARGARET
2. THOMAS

Sixth Gen.

1 MARGARET REESE  
Ind. OSWALD JONES, Music In-  
structor

Seventh Gen.

1. WANDA
2. MYRON

Sixth Gen.

2 THOMAS REESE, Truck  
Driver  
Ohio MARCELLA E. THOMAS

Seventh Gen.

1. DOROTHY JEAN
2. MARJORIE JANE

Fifth Gen

3 OWEN H. OWENS, Unmarri-  
Ind. ed, Merchant



DAVID AND MARY JONES

Fifth Gen.

4 WILLIAM R. OWENS, Farmer  
Ohio MARGARET HUGHES

Sixth Gen.

1. HAYDEN
2. VELMA
3. DOROTHY

Fifth Gen.

5 MARTHA J. OWENS,  
Ohio WILLIAM A. DAVIS, Farmer

Sixth Gen.

1. MILDRED
2. PALMER
3. HAROLD
4. CARL

Sixth Gen.

1 MILDRED DAVIS  
Ohio JAMES HUSTER, Caretaker  
Cemetery

Seventh Gen.

1. THOMAS

Fifth Gen.

6 ANNA E. OWENS  
Ohio JOHN JONES, Street Car  
Conductor

Sixth Gen.

1. LAVERN
2. RUSSELL

Sixth Gen.

1 LAVERN JONES  
Ohio RAY MILLER, Baker

Seventh Gen.

1. DONALD

Fifth Gen.

7 MARGARET F. OWENS  
Ohio LUTHER MOFFATT

Sixth Gen.

1. DAVID
2. DONALD
3. EDWARD
4. HOWARD

5. JOHN
6. JAMES

Fourth Gen.

7 WILLIAM J. JENKINS,  
Farmer. Infirmary Director,  
Jackson Co.

Ohio WINIFRED JONES

Fifth Gen.

1. JOHN W. Dec'd.
2. ANNA, De'cd.
3. EVAN T., Word War Vet., Co.  
L, 361st Inf., 91st Div.

Second Wife

ANN MORRIS

Fourth Gen.

8 JOHN J. JENKINS, Farmer  
Ohio JENNIE L. EVANS

Fifth Gen.

1. JOHN E.
2. DAVID, World War Vet., 4th  
Co. 1st Training Battalion
3. SOLOMON
4. THOMAS
5. WILLIAM, De'cd.
6. SARAH ANN, Dec'd.

Fifth Gen.

1 JOHN E. JENKINS, Black-  
smith, Act' Welder, World  
War Vet., Co. F. 380 Inf.

Ohio GRACE HOWELLS

Sixth Gen.

1. DEWITT

Fifth Gen.

4 THOMAS JENKINS, Truck  
Driver

Ohio Marie Lewis

Sixth Gen.

1. IMOGENE

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THE STORY OF THE  
WELSH PIONEERS  
OF  
JACKSON AND GALLIA COUNTIES

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On the first day of July 1818, two sailing vessels from Liverpool anchored in the port of Baltimore, having on board a band of Welsh immigrants from Cardiganshire, South Wales, bound for Paddys Run in Butler County, Ohio where a small party of their countrymen had settled a few years previous.

They had left their homes and kindred in Plwy, Cilcenin Parish about the first of April and after a month's delay in Liverpool had spent eight long weeks, lacking one day, on the mighty deep where they were buffeted by fierce storms and one of their number had sickened and died and was cast overboard in all probability to become food for fishes, or at best to crumble back to mother earth unnoticed, unhonored and unmarked on old ocean's trackless plains.

After such an experience as this it is easy to imagine the joy that must have filled their hearts when again permitted to set foot on solid ground and no doubt they returned thanks to that Sleepless One whose ever watchful eye notes the sparrow's fall. Of this, we are sure, they had brought their Bibles with them and were not unmindful of the teaching contained therein. Furthermore, they were not of the lower class, drifting aimlessly with no fixed purpose in life, on the contrary, they were ambitious and the great hope and desire that thrilled their hearts and nerved their arms was to better their condition and to give to their children those advantages that fate had denied them. They belonged, it is true, to the laboring class, without which civilization, even life itself, could not endure, and possessed very little of this world's goods, but were rich in those qualities of heart and mind that make for good citizenship both here and hereafter, for character is of the spirit and will survive the wreck of the natural and material.

In proof of the foregoing, we need only to point to the fact that within the next forty years after their coming no less than twenty-five churches had been organized and buildings erected within the bounds of their settlement where the Bible was read in their native tongue and its principles inculcated every Sabbath throughout the year. In addition to this, branch churches have been established at Jackson, and as far off as Columbus, whose leading officials today are products of the Welsh settlement of Jackson and Gallia.

All honor to those sturdy foreparents of ours, who never quailed in the face of danger, toil or pain, but bravely endured perils and privations that to us of today seem almost incredible.

The immigrants on their arrival here felt lost indeed, every tie that bound them to their native land seemed forever sundered. They had torn themselves from the embrace of their loved ones, the graves of their kindred and all that in the past had made life dear, and now they felt that return was impossible, for their little savings was already nearly exhausted. Later on, we are told, when they had time to reflect over their situation, they were all but overwhelmed with loneliness and homesickness and would gladly have returned, but that was deemed impossible and not to be thought of. We of today, surrounded as we are with all the conveniences and comforts of life, can but have a faint conception of the conditions that confronted them and with which they had to contend. The country itself was new and in its infancy, while to them everything was doubly new and strange; the language, the customs, the dress and even the products in many cases were entirely new and novel. By way of illustration, I will give an incident related by Grandfather which took place later on when they were descending the Ohio river. It so happened that their stock of provisions had run very low and seeing a cabin somewhat more pretentious than usual some distance back in the hills, they pushed their boat to shore and he and two others of the party landed for the purpose of purchasing either bread, flour or meal. The good people, however, had neither, but supplied them with all the green corn they could conveniently carry, to which was added a few small watermelons the first they had ever seen. On their way back, their curiosity prevailed and like mother Eve they proceeded to sample the strange fruit; this was done by chipping off a small slice from the heel end, bread fashion; this was passed around and unanimously condemned as



unfit food for a hungry Welshman, and without further ado the whole mess was dumped into a nearby fence corner. The corn, however, was boiled, shucks and all, and eaten with great relish.

Strange and unfamiliar as everything appeared, they could not afford to waste any time in vain regrets. The die was cast and nothing remained but to press forward. Accordingly, arrangements were made for transportation by wagon across the mountains to Pittsburgh, the next point in their journey. This was a long and tedious process and at that time the only mode of transferring goods except by water. The packsaddle, 'tis true, was used in a small way for this purpose, but in their case was not considered; their only choice was the motive power, whether oxen or horses. They chose the latter, two span were provided for each wagon. The roads may be described as far from good, being in many places well nigh impassable. Then again, the wagons were loaded almost to the limit, as a matter of economy. Consequently, the adults walked almost the entire distance, camping out at night, and rising at the break of day to again resume the weary march, until finally the welcome goal appeared.

At Pittsburgh, the entire party, like all immigrants of that early day, was fitted out with boats such as were in use at that time. These were mere rafts of heavy plank fastened to a framework with wooden pins and calked with a mixture of tow and tar. Crafts of this kind were called flat boats and intended to float only, being kept in the current by long swinging oars worked on a pivot. Thus equipped, they loaded on their little all, together with their wives and children and without chart, Captain or Pilot they braved the dangers of an unknown river and entered on the last stage of their journey. The beautiful Ohio looked small indeed compared with the mighty Atlantic over which they had safely come, yet many perils awaited them. Snags and sand bars were numerous and treacherous, the boats often ran aground and the men, lashed with ropes, plunged overboard at the risk of their lives and were dragged aboard as the boat again swung free. Not until long afterward did they fully realize the dangers they had passed through. Sickness, also, was the cause of much anxiety. Malarial fever was prevalent along the river during the summer and fall months and several of the party were stricken; one death occurring shortly before the little fleet reached Cincinnati.

When nearing the small town of Gallipolis, noted at that time as the seat of a thriving colony of French Settlers, the boat in which we are especially interested became partly disabled and it was decided to land for repairs, also to secure provisions for the remainder of their trip. The villagers received them with great kindness and hospitality, prompted perhaps by a fellow feeling, they likewise being wanderers from their native shores, or possibly they had hopes of adding to the population of their town. Be this as it may, the Welsh were urged to come ashore and spend the night. The invitation was accepted with no thought of the wide and far reaching results that depended on their decision at this critical juncture.

We may well pause here and reflect on the inscrutable ways of Providence. For here, at this time, if we may use the figure, the Welsh settlement of Jackson and Gallia was born. Here was the initial or turning point, and here our finite minds must halt. Question after question arises, but only the Infinite can fathom the issues that hung in the balance, as it were, at this notable time.

The lines of an old hymn seem especially fitting:

God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.



That night a violent storm of wind and rain swept over the town and lashed the water which in turn rocked the boat until the fastenings gave way, and the rude craft drifted away at the mercy of the current. When morning came, the grief and dismay of the pilgrim sailors may be better imagined than described. They felt sure that all their possessions lay strewn in the bed of the river and they themselves stranded among strangers with no means of proceeding on their journey either by land or water. Their fears, however, for the most part, proved to be without foundation, the badly battered boat was secured later with all their good intact and none the worse for their wild and reckless adventure. To this accident, or rather Providential act the Jackson and Gallia Welsh settlement owes its origin.

The extent and cost of much needed repairs now became a matter of concern and discussion. Dissension also arose among the women of the party, some of whom it seems had reached the limit of their patience, and refused to proceed any farther; declaring they had risked their lives long enough by land and water and did not propose doing so any longer. This part of the story has been questioned, but is doubtless true. The late John J. Markham of Part-ridge, Kansas has told over his signature how he heard his Grandmother (Mary Jones Evans) say that she refused to again set foot on the boat. What eventually turned the scale will doubtless remain a mystery; the final outcome, however, is well known. They remained here and settled among the hills of Northwestern Gallia, thus they became the nucleus of what in a few years was destined to become one of the most flourishing and influential Welsh settlements in the state.

The solicitations of the French to settle among them may have had some effect, the more probable inducement, however, was the fact that land thereabout was plentiful and cheap, fifty dollars being the standard price for a forty acre lot, which was as much as some of them had hoped to secure.

Then again, their health was a matter of no small consideration. Fever and Ague was especially severe along the streams and river bottoms and this had much to do with the selection of a site for their future homes.

They were told by land agents that there was good land for sale in the northern part of Gallia County but decided to examine the surrounding country before buying. There was a settlement of Welsh at Radnor in Delaware county and with characteristic solicitude for dwelling among their own people they sent John Jones to view the country and buy if suitable. He made the entire journey there and back to Gallia on foot and reported that the land around Radnor was low and flat, and the climate suggested Malaria. The State, at this time, was opening a road from Gallipolis to Chillicothe by way of Jackson on which some of the men found employment. In this way, they were taken out in the region where Centerville was afterward located. They were much pleased with the land in this vicinity because of its resemblance to that part of Wales from which they had emigrated, and as an abundance of Congress land could then be had for \$1.25 an acre, they decided to locate in that place which mostly resembled their native Wales of any place they had seen in the new world.

The original band or Company at this time consisted of six families and numbered thirty-five souls, children included. These were divided as follows: First, in order of seniority, was John Jones (Tirbach) and wife Eleanor, with two unmarried children Timothy and Jane; second, John Evans (Penlanlas) and wife Mary (daughter of John Jones) with three children John J., Eleanor and William, one daughter having died on shipboard as noted previously. Third, Evan Evans (Tymawr) and wife Susannah (daughter of John Jones) with one son Evan, one child having died in Wales. David and Elizabeth, the unmarried brother and sister of Evan Evans may be included in this family. Fourth, Lewis Davis (Rhwilas) and wife Mariah with two sons David and John. It is well known that the wife of Lewis Davis was closely connected with the family of John Jones but just how and what the relationship was, I have failed to learn. All that is known is that she was the daughter of Jen-



kin and Mary Evans and that she was called "Aunt Mariah by my Grandfather's family, but whether she was a full aunt, I am unable to say. Fifth, William Williams (Pantwallen) and wife Margaret, with nine children viz: Morgan, Eleanor, Hannah, David, Ebenezer, Ann, Mary, Margaret and Thomas B. Williams who became a doctor and lived and died at Delaware, Ohio. Sixth, Thomas Evans and wife, with four children John, David, Margaret and Madalaine. The last two named families sold out in 1822 and removed to Delaware county, the two eldest daughters of Williams, however, remained here and contributed their share to the new settlement; Hannah as the wife of Timothy Jones and Eleanor as the wife of William H. Cherrington of Camba.

Their land, at this time, was in Raccoon Township except the farm of Lewis Davis. The county line lay between his and the land of Evan Evans, thus giving Lewis Davis the distinction of being the first Welshman to settle in Jackson County. A few years later two tiers of sections of Western Gallia were added to Jackson, thus they all became citizens of Madison Township, Jackson County.

The country at this time was an almost unbroken forest, with here and here a trail or by path leading to the few scattered farms occupied for the most part by adventurers from Virginia. The Indians had left, but wild animals were numerous, and the mournful cries of the wolves made night hideous and was a sure producer of homesickness. I have heard my Aunt Ella Markham tell how they had to build rail pens to protect their sheep from these creatures and how one night a favorite ewe was seized through a crevice between the rails and had a chunk bitten from her side as clean as though done with a knife. I have also heard Mother tell of seeing deer near our home after her marriage which took place in 1852, thirty-four years after the settlement was made.

Our people found their American neighbors kind and sympathetic, yet they endured many hardships. Gallipolis, their nearest market was eighteen miles away. Sixteen cents was a days wages; their oats brought eight cents per bushel and pork one and one half cents per pound. Oats and beans were the most salable crops, these were shipped down the river to feed the mules and slaves on southern plantations.

Their manner of making a living was to raise corn for their own use and raising stock; their cattle ran wild in the woods and gathered their sustenance in the wild forest; their swine likewise ran at large and thrived on roots and the mast of the oak and beech. There were no mills in the vicinity to grind their corn, they chopped or burnt out a hole in some stump or block of wood and pounded their corn therein with a mallet until fine enough to make coarse bread. The woods abounded in game, and hominy was a staple dish. Several years elapsed before horse-mills were introduced and then it was like going on a pilgrimage to obtain a grist. Later water mills were built, two of which were located on Symmes Creek, north of Moriah Church, one being on the farm now owned by Dan J. Edwards, there was also one on Cherry Fork near what in after years was known as "Hughes Rocks," where the remains of the dam may still be seen.

As noted previously, quite a number of Virginians had settled in the vicinity prior to their coming, who gave them an insight as how to live and what to wear. Their summer dress was a linen shirt and pantaloons of their own production. They raised the flax on a patch of ground in the woods, the wife spun, wove and made the garment herself; the winter dress would be of the same linen and woolen material, manufactured in the same manner, and if colored would be colored with the bark and roots of the wild forest. All in this manner lived "under their own vine and fig tree," buying and selling but little. They were compelled, however, to obtain money to pay taxes; this was very difficult, as there was scarcely any sale at all for their stock. This may be illustrated by the following incident. There was an old "Cymro" who had a pair of red-top boots, to be worn with his corduroy knee-buckled pantaloons. These boots he had bought at the Dalis fair in Wales for twelve shillings. One



day he put them on with his knee-buckled breeches to go to a frolic, not the kind of frolics indulged in nowadays, but the more useful kind of the olden days—and all the Americans present were struck with amazement at his fine aristocratic style of dress and more especially his red-top boots, because all the foot dress they had was old ragged shoes of their own make, and they were very anxious to buy the Welshman's boots, and so he sold them to one who was rich in cattle, for one cow, one two year old heifer, one sow and pigs and seven sheep. A very good price for a pair of second hand boots; and by the way, the purchaser did but little work while his boots lasted other than going from one frolic to another to show his red-tops.

It has always been a matter of surprise and wonder to many, why our people chose such a rough and hilly situation, when they could just as well have taken their pick of the very best of farm land. The chief reason given was the contour or lay of the land. The hills and valleys resembled and reminded them of their beloved Wales, which now after all their trials and disappointments seemed dearer than ever before. Another reason, perhaps, was that not one of them had ever owned a foot of land, therefore anything looked good in their eyes; then again, they were afraid to settle on the flats or along the streams for reasons already given, consequently, their first cabins were without exception located near or on the summit of the hills. Later, when the country became more settled and roads were laid out, they removed to more convenient places.

William Williams bought first and settled north of where Centerville stands on the farm now known as the Gillespie place. Thomas Evans selected the adjoining farm now known as the Brentnall farm. Both these cabins were built near never-failing springs of pure soft water. This is well known to the writer, as my maternal grandfather John R. Lewis of North Wales bought and moved on the Thomas Evans farm in the year 1840. Mr. Lewis and wife (Ann Davis) with four children came over in September 1829, my mother being one year old the day they landed. He settled in Pittsburgh where he followed coal mining until he purchased the above mentioned farm where he continued to reside until his death in 1868.

The other four families were closely related and seemed a separate party. They purchased a tract of land all in one body in the Symmes Creek Valley on the old Welsh road between Centerville and Oak Hill, and at some distance from Williams and Evans. Here they lived, labored and died; and here they all sleep in the little cemetery on the hillside.

“Beneath the low Green tent,  
Whose curtain never outward swings.”

My grandfather, John Evans (Penlanlas) located in section fourteen, on what was afterward known as Bunker Hill, near a spring of soft water that gushes out today as free as ever from a crack in the sandstone. Unfortunately their stay here was brief. Early the next spring their house was destroyed by fire while the family was out in the woods boiling sap in what was known in after years as the “Old Sugar Camp.” Their loss was complete save the clothing worn at the time and Grandmother's wedding ring; this she had left in the house concealed in a small cup or vase, and being of pure gold withstood the test and was afterward raked out unscathed from among the ashes.

They also had quite a nice little sum of money hidden away in the house, which they were hoarding to pay their passage back to Wales. This money like the ring was originally in British gold, but alas! had been exchanged for bank notes since their arrival here. Prior and up to the time of their great loss, Grandmother's most cherished and oft repeated wish was to return to her native land. After this however, she became reconciled to her lot and never again—so it was said, even mentioned the subject. At this time her parents and younger sister, wife of Evan Evans, were located on another hill a short distance apart and here, on the thirtieth day of April of the same year 1819, my father was born, and I have often heard it said that his parents did not possess even as much as a rag to shield his body from the cold.



Some time later Grandfather built again. This time at the foot of old "Bunker" near the old sulphur spring. This cabin stood on a small bluff near a walnut tree recently destroyed and just a few rods west of the little stream known as Cherry Fork of Symmes Creek. Here he set out an orchard of seedling trees and I have never seen apple trees of larger size, both in height and girth than some of this planting which remained standing as late as 1890. The quality of the fruit was not of the best, and today would be classed as very ordinary. One cherry tree, however, must be excepted, this tree stood back of the house and memory still pictures the luscious fruit hanging in clusters, as the fairest, the biggest and the juiciest that ever grew outside of paradise.

Near this cabin, facing the creek, stood a small overhanging cliff or rock house doubtless used as a shelter house or perhaps dwelling by prehistoric people. The floor was sandy and extended back ten feet or more, and was thickly dotted with the tracks of wild animals. This cliff remained undisturbed until 1910 when it was destroyed to obtain material for the abutments of nearby bridges.

Many other outcropping rocks and half buried stones lay in the immediate vicinity and for this reason Grandfather was known and spoken of as "Rock John." Some years later, he built what was considered in those days a first class log house. This house stood on the brow of the hill east of the creek facing the South, and was a story and a half high with a porch in front extending the entire length. I do not know the exact dimensions, my guess would be 16x30 or 32. When a boy, I remember hearing a resident of Centerville speak of it as "that long house." The logs were of great size, chiefly of pine and poplar, all smoothly hewn and neatly and securely notched at the corners, the cracks were well chinked and covered over with mortar both inside and out. The west end, and half way up the rear side was weatherboarded, but not painted. There were four rooms, two down and two above. Each of the upper rooms had one small window in front, but no ceiling other than the bare rafters and clapboards. The same can be said of the sidewalls, naught but the bare logs unadorned by paper, paint or even whitewash. The lower rooms had three windows, one in each end and one in front of what was called the best room; this window could be raised and lowered, which was quite a novelty in those early days. The front door, also, to this room was an exception in that it was nicely paneled which must have been done by hand, it was also fitted out with a large patent lock with brass knobs and a large heavy key. The remaining doors were all plain and furnished with the ordinary thumb latch, except a closet door opening into the best room, this door had a latch of wrought iron, evidently made by some ingenious blacksmith, which was quite a curiosity and should have been preserved as a relic. The chimney was double and stood in the center of the building and was of colossal size; I would say eight feet front by six in depth, with base largely of dressed stone, carried up seven or more feet where the stem began, which was of brick three and a half or four feet square. The whole, if seen standing alone, might be mistaken for a small smelting furnace; and it certainly would be easy to convince the children that Santa Claus could descend, pack and all, without even brushing off the soot. This chimney did not draw well. The partition, for some reason was not carried up to the top, which left the outlet too large. Sometimes on windy days, the smoke would puff out into the room, consequently the living room, joists, ceiling and sidewalls had taken on a light walnut or saddle color. Even Grandmother's wrinkled face from long stooping over the fire had acquired much the same tint. This perhaps was intensified because of the clean white cap with a ruffled border, which she always wore, both summer and winter; and which I distinctly remember encircled her worn face when lying in her coffin, which stood supported on two chairs underneath the west window on a wet and dreary day in the spring of 1863. There was one feature about this chimney that I have never seen in any other. The arches over both fireplaces were of wood, hewn from the heart of an Oak about eight feet long and twelve by eighteen inches square. These were set up on edge and the part directly over the fire was beveled to a feather edge



and covered over with sheet iron, which prevented danger of fire. The fire places were wide and deep, five foot wood could be used but was usually cut six inches shy. Here stood the heavy cast iron fire-dogs or andirons, and here hung the long smoke blackened crane with its pot hooks of various lengths whereon could be hung as many as three pots at one and the same time. A wide hearth of dressed stone dished and worn smooth by long and almost constant use, extended well out in the forefront. Here all the cooking for a large family was done throughout the entire year, summer and winter the fire was not allowed to die out. No matter how warm the weather, a chunk was kept buried in the ashes, for matches were unknown at that time.

My grandparents never owned a cook stove, at least not in this country. This was not because they could not afford the price, but simply because they were unknown in the backwoods at that time and not introduced until their family had fled the coop, and Grandmother had become old and settled in her ways and could not be persuaded to change her mode of living. Her cooking utensils were few and simple, consisting of a cast iron teakettle, a coffee pot and a few pots and pans. A copper, or brass kettle was considered a priceless treasure, possessed only by the favored few. (See the tale of a pot) Her chief implement was a cast iron skillet or oven about a foot in diameter and four or five inches deep. This was furnished with a handle about a foot long and stood on three legs four inches high. A close fitting lid, slightly arched, and with a flange around the rim to hold the hot coals, also an eye in the center in which to insert the hooks, completed the outfit. I have often looked on while Grandmother did her baking. First she went out to the woodpile and gathered her apron full of chips or sometimes corncobs from where the chickens and pigs had been feeding, these were thrown on the fire to provide the necessary coals. The skillet and lid were then placed over the fire until thoroughly heated. When all was ready, the skillet or oven, whatever the name, for the purpose of either was equally well performed, was removed from the fire and placed over a bed of coals spread out on the hearth. The inside was then wiped clean and well greased with lard or bacon rind, then the dough nicely moulded into the right size and shape was placed within. The lid was then seized with a pair of hooks, clapped on, and covered with hot coals. This was done with the long iron shovel that in company with a pair of tongs stood leaning against the jamb. After a certain length of time, the lid was carefully lifted lest ashes fall inside. If the loaf, after inspection, was not sufficiently baked, fresh coals were added underneath, on top or both as the case required. When thoroughly baked, the loaf was taken out and the process repeated until the entire batch of dough was baked and spread out on the shelf to cool.

Try to imagine, if you can, a housewife of today doing practically all of her cooking with an implement of this kind. Herein was baked all the bread, both corn and wheaten, johnny cakes, biscuits, pound cakes, pies, flapjacks and doughnuts. Everything in the line of bread was cooked to perfection in this homely vessel. Herein too, meat and eggs were fried, poached and scrambled; spare ribs, chickens and small game roasted. Green coffee also was roasted therein for no other, at that time, could be obtained. Coffee, in those days, was retailed green, or raw and was handled in large coarse hempen bags, holding two or more bushels. I never even heard of ready roasted coffee until nearly grown, but do recall that during the civil war the price of coffee rose, until almost prohibitive, and small packages labeled "Extract of Coffee" were on sale, said by many to be refuse or second hand coffee grounds, salvaged from army camps, hotels and other like places and afterward treated with some preparation to give the desired flavor. I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but do know it was in great demand for quite a while. Wheat and rye coffee was used by many at this time also. This was made by roasting said grain until black and crisp. It was then ground and prepared in the same manner as real coffee, but I must say was a very poor substitute.



It may be of interest to the housekeepers of this age to give a further description of this pioneer home, which I am safe in saying, was above the average, and a fairly representative home for that period. At the rear side or end of the huge chimney stood the stairway, three steps of which extended out in the room, the stair door opening on the third step in line with the front of the fireplace. The partition door between the rooms was on the left hand or front side and was flush with the front of the opposite fireplace. In the corner next the wall of this space or recess, stood a large unpainted cupboard or set of boxed up shelves. The lower half, or third, to be more exact, was deeper and enclosed with two small doors. Here was kept hidden from view the various pots and pans when not in use. The four upper shelves were left exposed and were well stocked with a motley collection of tableware of varied hue and quaint design, many of the pieces having seen service in Wales. Along the wall, behind the front door and extending as far as the cupboard, was stationed a low heavy slab bench, mounted on legs, on which was kept two wooden water pails, holding three gallons each. A long handled tin dipper hung just above on its own special nail, while nearby hanging on the wall were ladles, strainers, skimmers and other kitchen paraphernalia. Here too, hung the candle moulds and a large gourd containing salt. Last of all, nailed securely to the wall, was placed the ever-ready coffee mill with its brass hopper and swinging crank waiting to be turned. This was done with the right hand, the operator standing, while the left held a bowl or sometimes the coffee pot itself to catch the grounds. The adjoining corner of the mantle-board was taken up by a couple of tin candle-sticks, together with snuffers and a small vase filled with "lighters" made of twisted bits of paper. There were various other receptacles also, such as coffee and tea canisters, a few bottles containing spirits of Camphor, Turpentine, Painkiller and other home remedies. I am pleased to note that no foul smelling pipe or tobacco pouches had a place there; my grandparents were free from this useless, unnecessary and unseemly practice. I should perhaps add, that I have no recollection of seeing a pipe in the mouth of Evan Evans (Tymawr). Evidently, he had more respect for the temple of his body than to defile it with any such filthy, ill-smelling habit.

In the corner opposite the stairway, stood my grandparents bed which I must say was unique, having never seen but one other of the same design. I am not sure, but suppose the style was that of their home land of Wales. The corner posts of this bed were heavy and tall, reaching almost to the joists. A strong cord drawn tight was securely fastened at the top of the three outside posts on which was strung a long dark calico curtain, reaching almost to the floor. This curtain could be moved freely back and forth and when drawn up snug, completely hid the entire bed.

A large rectangular oaken table with a drawer in the end to hold the knives, forks and spoons and a few splint bottom chairs, void of either paint or varnish, completes the furnishing of this room which served as kitchen, sitting and bedroom combined, not to mention reception room, sun parlor or breakfast nook. A straight back splint bottom rocker almost hidden by a large shaggy tan colored sheepskin should perhaps be included, this, however, rightly belongs to the porch where Grandfather, who was sadly crippled with rheumatism, spent much time during his later years and here it is that memory still pictures him, seated on the sunny porch with his cane between his knees and a basket of apples on the floor beside his chair.

The furnishings of the best room consisted of two massive bedsteads made of poplar and painted a bright Venitian red. The corner posts were four inches square with rails to match. Both ends of the posts were rounded on a lathe and the tops surmounted by globes four inches in diameter. The headboard was wide and high and the top ornamented with two figures facing each other, which to my childish fancy resembled horses rushing into battle. In lieu of springs, a light rope was stretched taut from end to end, spaced eight or ten



inches apart, then crossed at right angles from side to side in the same manner. On this was placed first the straw tick, well filled every year at threshing time with sweet smelling oat straw. Next came the feather tick, followed by heavy blankets of the housewives own spinning, to which was added two or more patchwork quilts of varied color and fancy design, the whole crowned with a large feather bolster and pillows of generous size. There was also a vallance or ruffled curtain gathered on a cord, this was fastened to the upper edge of the rail and hung down near the floor. A number of these were kept ready starched and laundered and could readily be changed when company was expected.

Standing against the rear wall was kept an old fashioned Chest of Drawers, or Bureau, as dubbed later on. I remember it took quite a lot of coaching to break us children from using the old word which we pronounced "Ches tin drawers," and now this later name has been superceded by the more modern term of dresser. This dresser was a real piece of furniture substantially made of Cherry, unlike the windshaken composition of white pine veneer, paint and putty often seen in this age of sham. Moreover, it has quite a history. After Grandmother's day, it was given to her daughter Mrs. Richard Markham and again at her death to her youngest daughter Mrs. W. A. B. Jones (Coffadial) of Pike County, later of Columbus. Mrs. Jones died in 1909, when it was claimed by her sister Mrs. Martha Twaddle of the same city and is now in the care of her son Herbert, a great grandson.

The space between the front door and window was occupied by a small square stand table whereon lay a leather bound copy of "Y Bibl" printed in Welsh. Just above hung a small mirror with a combcase underneath, also a homemade pin cushion, stuffed with wool and encased in a gay patchwork cover composed—like Joseph's Coat, of many colors. The mantel in this room deserves mention if for no other reason than the fact that it was entirely hand made and showed first class workmanship. The material was clear black walnut all nicely paneled and beaded and surely was a credit to the workman. I wish I could give his name.

In the center, over the mantel, hung quite a large mirror for those days. Back of this and extending well out on either side was kept a large bunch of bright colored feathers, plucked from the tail of the peacock. These were glued into a fancy wooden handle and used at meal time on special occasions to brush away the flies. It should perhaps be noted that but few families were as well fixed along this line, a small leafy branch broken from a peach or apple tree usually served for this purpose, although some housewives were provided with a sort of flag or whisk brush, made by folding a newspaper into the right size and shape, this was then sewed fast to a handle about a yard long, then cut with the shears into long narrow streamers about an inch wide. This, when in motion, gave out a rustling or whispering sound like the wind in autumn among the standing corn. It was customary at large gatherings—in the threshing season for instance, to have the prettiest girl stand beside the table and wave away the flies. Later fly traps and fly paper came into use and still later door and window screens, as we now have.

The chairs in this room were more up to date in that they were painted and varnished. The floors, however, were bare of either carpet or rugs, but were kept well scoured with hot water and lye soap. All floors, down and up, were of pine boards, six or eight inches wide and an inch and a quarter thick and had been sawn out by hand with a whip saw.

Very bright recollections remain of a large splint hamper, kept under the bed in this room. Here the eggs were stored away until market day came around which was usually on Saturday. Our home was less than a half mile away from Grandfathers, within sight, I may say, for we could see the chimney with its column of blue smoke from our porch. When quite small I was often sent there on errands, and just as often Grandmother would send me to the egg basket bidding me "fetch a big brown one." When I returned she



had a bed of ashes prepared in the chimney corner, into which the egg was dropped. More ashes and hot coals were added until heaped into a small mound. I was then told to watch until it popped. Sure enough, in due time, there would be a muffled report and the ashes would puff out like a tiny volcano, this was the signal that the egg was thoroughly cooked. Grandmother would then come and rake away the ashes and cool the egg in a tin cup of water. After the shell had been peeled off, I was handed a generous slice of bread and butter well smeared with New Orleans molasses, and I assure you it was not long until the entire mess had disappeared down the red lane. I am very fond of eggs and have eaten them all my life, raw, fried, boiled, poached and scrambled, but none ever seemed to touch the spot like those roasted in the ashes by my good old grandmother. She had few equals in her day as a poultry woman. To begin with, the location was ideal, being a warm, sandy southern exposure. Her flock was large and of many varieties, including Shanghais, Domineques, Hamburgs, Frizzlies of all colors, Bunties, Bantams, Creepies and perhaps others. Years ago, a neighbor of mine claimed that there was no better way to raise a good crop of wheat than to mix several varieties together when seeding. Perhaps—this had something to do with Grandmother's success, for none could beat her when it came to filling the egg basket. There was something about her flock similar to a band of youngsters just released from school, all active, noisy, gay and full of life. On sunny spring mornings their cackling could be heard far and wide. It was great sport to help gather in the eggs, besides, Grandmother appreciated help of this kind for she was getting rather stiff to clamber up in the haymow and under the corn crib. Then again, the hens had a fashion of hiding their nests and it was very exciting to find a nest full of eggs in some hollow stump or some other out of the way place, for it must be remembered that Grandmother had no fancy poultry house, her chickens roosted in the pigpen or wagon shed, any place where they could find shelter. In the summer time they flew up in the apple trees or on the fences where they had plenty of fresh air but were exposed to the attacks of owls, which were very numerous at that time on account of the great stretches of timber where they could hide and breed unmolested.

At the time just mentioned, the eggs were marketed at Centerville or Oak Hill. Years before this, regular trips were made in the wagon to Gallipolis with the eggs packed in boxes of oats, these were sold also for the insignificant price of eight and ten cents a bushel. I have been told that in the busy season when the men and team could not be spared, Grandmother would tie a bucket full of butter in each end of a sack, strap it behind her on a horse and with a large basketful of eggs on her lap, ride eighteen miles to Gallipolis and swap them for three cents per dozen in trade.

I will just note that my grandparents witnessed the great meteoric or star shower of 1833. They had risen shortly after midnight in order to feed the horses and grease the wagon so as to get an early start for Gallipolis. I do not wish to leave the impression that Grandmother was an exception, or in any way superior to the ordinary women of her time. She was only one of the many who in those days of toil and privation nobly played their part and thereby paved the way whereby it became possible for us to enjoy the many blessings with which we are now surrounded and which I sometimes fear we do not sufficiently appreciate. Many instances could be given. I remember an old Welsh lady, her head white with the snows of seventy winters—whom I often met when a boy, walking to Centerville, a distance of two miles, with her hands resting on her hips and a pail full of butter poised on her head. It was told of her and was doubtless true, that she could carry three pails of milk, one on her head and one in each hand. I could also name an old Welshman with dark brown eyes and patriarchal beard, who had worked at the blacksmith trade in his youth, while yet in the old country and who lived to see better days and died respected alike by friends and neighbors. The first house



built by this old gentleman after his arrival here contained but one room, with no floor other than the bare earth. This was nothing unusual at that time. The odd part was that he left quite a large stump standing inside the house, which served as a block for his anvil. Here he was accustomed to hammer away sometimes well into the night, doing odd jobs for his neighbors, which helped in no small way to increase the profits of his forty acre farm.

Before leaving Grandfather's house, two other facts should be mentioned. First, the great distance the family had to carry all the water needed for cooking and drinking purposes. This was obtained from the old sulphur spring which was one hundred and forty three yards from the house, over half way of which was up a steep and rocky hillside and across quite a large brook. Many times, I have seen Grandmother coming up the steep path with a pail full in each hand. When about half way up there was a sharp turn in the path between two large flat stones which may still be seen. Here she would set her burden down and rest herself for a brief spell. This was after her children were scattered and gone and Grandfather had become crippled with rheumatism and barely able to get about with the help of a cane. The old spring, as I first knew it, was surrounded by a fence of split pickets with the gate on the east side. Since Grandfather's death, over sixty years ago, there has been no enclosure except a few broken rails, although still in use more or less all these years. Second, after the family had moved to their new home east of the creek, the old cabin was used rent free by several newly arrived Welsh families, as a sort of sub station or harbor until they could adjust themselves to their new surroundings and secure a home of their own. I was told by the late John L. Lloyd of Smoky Hollow, that he was born there.

John Jones (Tirbach) chose as the site for his house the spot afterwards occupied as the home of Timothy Evans. This is one fourth mile down the creek and a few rods north of the cemetery. Here he lived, labored and died and here he and the good wife lie in unmarked graves, amid the scenes of their former labors. Very little is known of their history, however, he died first and she became quite a care by reason of her age and the partial loss of her mind. It is interesting to note that their house remains standing to this day as part of the west wing of the Timothy Evans residence. This old house, and I know of none older in the township, is still in a fair state of repair. Here it was that Timothy Evans and his young wife, Margaret Owens, began housekeeping, and here their eight children were born, and here again his son, the late Gomer C. Evans, resided during the first years of his wedded life and his children also were born here. Like most houses of that early day, it was built of logs and contained but one room, with an attic or rafter room overhead. There are two doors front and rear, with porch in front and one window on the south side. The chimney is double substantially built with base of dressed stone and stands on the outside of the house. His intention evidently was to build an addition at some future time. This he never did, but was added many years later by "Uncle Tim," who first built a two story frame on the east end with a fine cellar of dressed stone underneath. This was done in 1861, just at the opening of the Civil War. The builder was Jenkin I. Davis of Vega, elder brother of the late John I. and Benjamin I. Davis of Jackson. The room later used as a kitchen was added approximately about 1874 or 75. Evan D. J. Evans (Straightback) was the carpenter. Then and not till then did the other half of this old chimney come into use.

It is only fair to note that Mr. Evan Evans inherited the name "Straightback" from his father David J. Evans who was noted for his straight and erect carriage, especially when riding horseback.

Following on in a nearly direct line a little south of West, stood the home of Evan Evans (Tymawr) or "Settler" as he was usually called. His house was pleasantly situated on a comparatively level tract of land. I do not know how it came about, but "Uncle Evan"—as we always called him, had much the best farm of any of the original settlers. The land was more productive and as



noted above was not so badly cut up into hills and hollows. The house, which by the way was the third built on the farm by Mr. Evans, while much the same in plan was not as large as Grandfathers, but if I remember right was better furnished. This may be due to the fact that there were young ladies in this home and their influence may account for this, in part at least. The house—which is now fallen in to decay, was double and faced the east, with chimney in the center and shed porch extending the full length. The north end of the porch was boxed up and served as a summer kitchen. The south room was quite large and had a board partition across the rear end. This part was again partitioned crosswise, thus forming two small bedrooms. The yard was nicely shaded by locust trees with a horse block near the gate. Here was a well sixty feet deep noted for its excellent water. Here too, was an elegant sun dial mounted on a stump, doubtless the only one in the Township, if not in the county at that time. The barn stood a few rods north and was the largest of its kind I have ever seen being 21x60 ft. in length according to D. Arthur Evans, the youngest grandchild, who now lives on the place. It consisted of four, hewed log pens with threshing floor between and all under one roof. This old relic stood until 1915 when it was torn down and the sound logs sawn into lumber by W. G. Lindamood, well-known lumber and saw mill man. Previous to this, in the year 1911, the John Evans house, having passed out of the family was likewise sawn by Mr. Lindamood, who informs me that the barn made six thousand and the house eight thousand feet of fairly good lumber, ninety percent of which was pine.

Following the before mentioned line of another half mile, we reach the home site of Lewis Davis (Rhiwlas) or Green Hill as the name signifies. His house stood in the angle formed by the intersection of two roads, both leading to Centerville on the one hand and to Oak Hill by way of Moriah on the other.

Nothing remains here except the spring and the old sycamore tree which stood in the yard and whose wide extending branches have been pitylessly lopped off. The Lewis Davis home was a single, divided into two rooms by a partition of upright boards with an attic or loft, as it was then called, overhead. The chimney was on the outside, there was also a porch and small box kitchen.

I remember this home chiefly because of the fine spring nearby welling up from the limestone and flowing on through the springhouse and out across the road, where passers by are wont to stop and water their horses and often times themselves as well.

There is something fascinating about a spring, something akin to fellowship, a spirit of helpfulness and cheer, with unlimited generosity. Thousands of people and horses and cattle without number have been refreshed at this wayside fountain, yet it still flows forever on, freely dispensing comfort and health to man and beast high and low, rich and poor alike, with no distinction or hint of recompense.

It is somewhat singular that the homes of these four pioneers stood in almost a direct line and all spaced less than a half mile apart. This line was extended a few years later by the addition of the home of my father David C. Evans and that of his sister Mrs. Richard Markham. At that time, these six homes were connected for the most part by a foot path only. However, during the last twenty years a fine graded road has been opened passing each successive home with that of the old cemetery included where:

“Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the settlement sleep.”

The breezy call of incense breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw built shed;  
The cocks shrill clarion and the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,



No children run to lisp their sires return  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke  
How jocund did they drive their team afield  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

The Evans cemetery consists of eighteen square rods, three by six, and is located in the south west quarter of the north east quarter of section fourteen and is among the oldest in the county. When and who was first buried here is not known, but according to records on the stone William, son of John and Mary Evans was laid here in June 1820. At this time there were no graveyards in the township open to the public, each family buried on their own land or haply in company with some friendly neighbor.

This lot was originally on the land of John Jones later coming into the possession of his grandson the late Timothy Evans, and is situated about a dozen rods south west of his late residence. Between forty five and fifty persons lie here, possibly fifty as there are a number of unmarked graves. Four generations are represented. In my boyhood it was a common occurrence for a burial to take place here, but during the last fifty years they have been few and far between. The last was Aunt Margaret, wife of Timothy Evans, whose death occurred in 1912. John Jones, the patriarch of the little colony, and his wife Eleanor sleep here, together with their three daughters Mary, Susannah and Jane; also their two sons-in-law, John and Evan Evans.

Lewis Davis, another member of that pioneer band with his two wives, rest here.

Vinton Evans is the only soldier buried here. He died in far away Kansas but human ties are strong and like Jacob of old he gave a charge: "Bury me with my fathers in the field of Ephron the Hittite." (Gen. 49-30).

The oldest marker is of native sandstone, quarried from the hillside and rudely fashioned with pick and stoneax. It is all of one piece and deeply embedded in the earth. The entire inscription which is quite lengthy is in capital letters, parts of it being barely legible, and was erected to the memory of three children of John and Mary Evans, the earliest date being June, 1820.

In May 1914, at the request of Hon. D. W. Williams, then editor of the Jackson Standard Journal, I made a true copy of the records found on the headstones of the principal graves, which was printed in his paper at that time, and are as follows. The inscriptions are arranged in families. John Jones and wife have no marker.

#### **John Evans**

Died August the 16, 1866, aged 80 years.  
If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceable  
with all men.

#### **Mary**

Wife of John Evans, died January 20, 1863, aged 75 years  
and two months.  
Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.

#### **In memory of**

William Evans, son of John and Mary Evans, who departed  
this life the 20th of June 1820, aged three years. And  
also Catherine Evans who departed this life August the  
20, 1829 aged nine months. Also an infant child of John  
and Mary Evans was buried November 15, 18-  
(Note: the last two figures were indistinct).

#### **Thomas**

Son of John and Mary Evans, died July 17, 1849, aged 26  
years.

**David C. Evans**

Died December 7, 1860, aged 40 years, seven months and seven days.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

**In Memory of**

Athaliah, wife of David C. Evans, died November 24, 1846, aged 25 years, 4 months and 29 days.

Green be the turf above thee

Wife of my younger days

None knew thee but to love thee

Nor named thee but to praise.

**Vinton Evans**

Lieut. Co. D. 179 O. V. I. Born in Gallia County, Ohio, April 24, 1830, died in Arvon, Kansas, Nov. 25, 1873.

Gone but not forgotten.

**Timothy Evans**

1821-1900

**Margaret Evans**

1828-1912

**Mary E. Evans**

1853-1898

**Evan Evans**

A native of Wales, emigrated to America in the year 1818 and was one of the founders of the Welsh settlement of Jackson and Gallia. Died Oct. 23, 1876, aged 82 years, 3 months and 13 days.

There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God.

**Susannah**

Wife of Evan Evans emigrated with her husband from Wales to America in the year 1818. Died Nov. 6, 1872, aged 70 years.

Blessed are the dead which died in the Lord.

**Mary**

Daughter of E. and S. Evans, died Oct. 22, 1826, aged 3 years and 9 months.

Not lost blest thought but gone before

Where we shall meet to part no more.

**Abraham**

Son of E. and S. Evans, died Sept. 15, 1830, aged 3 years and 5 months.

**Mary Ann**

Wife of B. B. Lasley and daughter of Evan and Susannah Evans died Sept. 2, 1857, aged 28 years.

Like early frost that nips the bloom

Came death to her in life's fair morn

But Heaven claimed her for her own

And angels bore her spirit home,

Shed not for her the bitter tear

Nor give the heart to vain regret

'Tis but the casket that lies here

The gem that filled it sparkles yet.

**William W. Evans**

Died Jan. 5, 1867, aged 35 years and 2 Months.

**Wellington B. Evans**

Died May 21, 1868, aged 32 years and 10 months.



**Margaret Evans**

Wife of R. J. Jones and daughter of E. and S. Evans  
died June 3, 1870, aged 32 years.

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**Jane**

Wife of William Dulaney, died August 14, 1857, aged  
54 years.

**Sarah Ann**

Daughter of William and Jane Dulaney, died July the 4,  
1840, aged 1 year and 4 months.

**Annis**

Daughter of William and Jane Dulaney, died October 15,  
1846, aged 10 years and 6 months.

**Milton**

Son of William and Jane Dulaney born July 18, 1832,  
died December 21, 1862.

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**In Memory of**

Lewis Davis, born November 24, 1788 at Cardiganshire,  
South Wales, came to this country June 1818, died Feb-  
ruary 28, 1875, aged 86 years, 3 months, 4 days.

**In Memory of**

Mariah, wife of Lewis Davis and daughter of Jenkin and  
Mary Evans, born Sept. 4, 1793 at Esgerwen, Wales, died  
Jan. 12, 1833, aged 39 years, 4 months and 8 days.

Er mynd I lawr am dro i'r pridd  
Dawr corph ir lan or beed rhyw ddydd  
Dawr llu fel gwlith o groth y wawr  
Yn nydd y farn o lweh y llawr.

**Prudence**

Wife of Lewis Davis, died March 20, 1875, aged 66 years, 5  
months and 7 days.

Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.

**Charles D.**

Son of L. and P. Davis, died March 15, 1862, aged 22 years.

**D. M. Davis**

Died March 16, 1883, aged 57 years and 8 months.

**Jane**

Wife of D. M. Davis, died July 8, 1864, aged 31 years.

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**John W. Thomas**

Died December the 15, 1864, aged 61 years, 3 months and  
22 days.

**Mariah**

Wife of J. W. Thomas, died August 27, 1883, aged 72 years.

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**In Memory of**

Jenkin Morgan, born May 12, 1837 at Esgerwen Cilcenin  
D. C. Died June 11, 1875, aged 38 years.

Gwyn en byd y meirw y rhai sydd yn marw yn yr  
Arglwydd

Na wiled neb ar buch fy medd  
Mewn hedd yn wyf yn huno  
Maer enaid friyn nghwmni Crist  
Does neb mewn tristwch yno.

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**Mary Ann**

Wife of J. Morgan, Died April 11, 1884, aged 49 years

As given in the above record, my grandparents lost a favorite son, Thom-  
as by name, in the summer of 1849. He died suddenly in his prime and just  
a short time before he had planned to be married to an estimable young  
lady of the Cherrington family. James M. Hughes of Cincinnati, then  
quite young, attended the funeral and relates that two things in particular



impressed his mind at that time. One was, that the burial took place in what he described as an open field, with no church or churchyard in sight. The other, was the blows of the hammer when nailing down the coffin lid. It seems the use of screws for this purpose had not been thought of by the pioneer carpenters of that day, or possibly they could not be obtained on short notice. And as for Undertakers, they were unknown and unheard of at that time. The friends and sympathising neighbors washed, dressed and laid the Corpse away, and anyone competent to use a saw and hammer was called on to take the measurement and make the coffin which in many cases, I have been told, was made of rough boards and not even painted, much less varnished as the following incident will show.

My father's first wife was Athaliah Lewis, daughter of John R. Lewis. She was my mothers oldest sister and she died in less that a year after her marriage. Her coffin was made by Joseph Gillespie, a farmer and Justice of the Peace, who lived a short distance north of Centerville on the farm originally owned by William Williams Pant Wallen, and I have heard Mother tell how vexed father was because her coffin was not painted, Mr. Gillespie being out of paint at the time.

The late David O. Evans of the Pleasant Valley neighborhood also attended the Thomas Evans funeral when a boy, and related to me that after the grave was closed someone announced that Mr. Evans had two large fields of oats then dead ripe. He then told how the very next day before the sun went down, the last sheaf had been placed in the shock, he himself being present and doing what he could to help by gathering the bundles together and carrying water from the Old sulphur spring which he described as "boiling right up out of the ground cold as ice."

A few years later the family of Evan Evans was called upon to mourn the loss of William and Wellington, two brilliant young men likewise in their prime. They had been bosom companions as well as partners and had made the then long and hazardous trip to California in quest of gold. Some years later they visited the far away land of Australia for the same purpose. They were successful and returned with much treasure, but with shattered health and soon after, both fell victims of Tuberculosis, then known as Consumption. I recall both funerals distinctly. Wiliam, who died first, was one of my earliest school teachers. Wellington died about a year later and was buried in much the finest casket I had seen up to that time; the inner lid was one clear sheet of glass and showed the body at full length down to the nicely polished shoes.

Another funeral that stands out clearly in memory's halls is that of "uncle Vint." He died in Arvonias, Kansas, far from the associations of his youth and early manhood, and at his request his body was brought back and laid with his kindred in the little home burying ground. His wife and daughter, an only child, accompanied the remains which were taken to the home of his brother Timothy. The funeral was held on Sunday and the attendance was very large. The Rev. Mordecai D. Vaughn was the minister in charge and preached the funeral sermon. The coffin was what was known as a "Metallic Burial Casket" and was supposed to be air tight. No hearse was used two sets of pallbearers carried the remains the entire distance between the house and cemetery, changing at short intervals on account of the great weight of metal. The deceased had been a member of a well known secret order and after the minister had concluded the service, the lodge members surrounded the grave in order to perform their ritual. There was a large number of them, many having come from distant points, and it was noted by some who stood near by that the breath of some of them was not as fragrant as a June morning, and one high official who carried a cushioned tray on which lay an open Bible, could hardly keep in line as he proudly marched from the house to the cemetery. This with the fact that the relatives were forced back from their position at the head of the grave provoked my Uncle John J. Evans to remark very audibly and in his characteristic manner that he did not like this thing of being crowded away from his brother's grave.

Located on the Evan Evans farm within the bounds of the south west



quarter of the north west quarter of section fourteen and about one fourth mile west of the Evans Cemetery is still to be seen the remains of quite a large mound, the work of a vanished race. The field where it is situated was formerly known as "The Old Indian Grave Field," and had been plowed and re-plowed many times before my day. My first recollection is that the mound at that time was four or perhaps five feet high in the center, but undoubtedly had been much higher when the land was cleared. After the death of Uncle Evan—who by the way was my great uncle, which occurred in 1876, this field came into the possession of his son the late John W. Evans and in the year 1895 his two youngest sons, Charles W. and Hayden, then young medical students, dug into and opened what proved to be a sepulcher. Nothing of very great importance was found except two human skeletons lying side by side facing the rising sun. The bodies lay parallel at a depth of four feet and had apparently been deposited about one foot beneath the original top soil where a layer of ashes was found. After digging some twelve or fifteen inches deeper, the bones were uncovered together with a number of beads and flint arrow heads, also two or three meal stones hollowed out and showing the effects of long usage. Judging from the size and shape of the remains, the supposition was that they were man and wife. No other graves have been discovered in the vicinity, and it is reasonable to suppose they were persons of rank, possibly the chief ruler of a tribe or clan, who together with his consort was thus honored by his people. I have seen and handled these bones, they were kept in a box in the Evans granary, and were probably thrown out by tenants who occupied the premises after his death. There is much ground for the belief that there existed at some remote time a settlement or perhaps village of ancient people in this immediate vicinity, probably near the sulphur spring and rock house mentioned heretofore. There are, tis true, many other fine springs in the neighborhood, one reason that suggests this particular one is that a short distance north directly back of where Grandfathers house stood and on the farm where the writer was born and lived for sixty-six years, was a field known to us children as the "lower field." I have plowed this field I know not how often and have picked up at various times and still have in my possession over one hundred arrow heads and spear points all gathered on the farm and by far the greater number in this lower field. This indicates that this was at some distant time a favorite hunting ground if not the actual site of a village or encampment, and for aught we know a veritable battle ground, where dark skinned warriors fought, bled and died. Conjecture is of course useless, yet questions will naturally arise and fancy spread her wings. Who were the builders of this mound and where are the graves of the subjects of this unknown Caesar of the wild western forest; for such he must have been. Did he die a natural death, or was he slain in battle and did his queen perish with him? Was the labor necessary in the construction of his monument free, compulsory or hired? What sort of implements were used in excavating and handling the soil? Was it conveyed in baskets and if so how were they carried, on the head, singly, or were they borne of two? Did the women participate, how long were they engaged in the work and what was the nature of the ceremonies that must have taken place when the task was finished? Were they religious, civil or military? How many were present and how long did they continue? No living mortal knows. We do know, however, that go back into the dim ages of the past as far as possible, human nature is ever the same and instinctively recoils from the thought of total extinction. Those arrows and meal stones so carefully stowed away in this tomb clearly proclaims the belief of those unschooled sons of the forest that existence is continuous and that their departed chieftain would welcome and make use of those poor implements in the happy hunting grounds of a great hereafter. It was ever thus. The pyramids of Egypt enclosing the remains of long forgotten kings which for six thousand years have withstood the tooth of time are among the earliest records of this universal desire or instinct of mankind for immortality and



it is among this ancient people that we have the setting of one of the first as well as one of the most notable burials on record, that of the Patriarch Jacob; the thrilling description of which is given in the last chapter of Genesis. It is significant that one branch of the church holds the belief that the ancestors of the mound builders have decended in a direct line through the lost tribes of Israel to this noted Bible character. If this be true, they were children of Abraham with whom the Most High made a blood covenant that his offspring should be as the dust of the earth and the stars of the sky for multitude.

Lewis Davis and wife brought two sons into the settlement John and David. They with a younger brother Peter went west at an early day and settled in Buchanan County, Missouri, where they died some years since. It is known that Peter served in the Union army during the Civil War, but his regiment is unknown to the writer. The remaining children were Mrs. Polly Evans of Cincinnati and Thomas Davis of Newcastle, Pa., who served during the rebellion in Co. H., Second W. Va., Cavalry. There were three other sons, Jenkin and Timothy who also settled in the west and Daniel M. Davis of Pomeroy, Ohio. After the death of his first wife, Lewis Davis married Mrs. Prudence Huntley. They were the parents of two children, Charles D., who died in early manhood and Nancy D. who became the wife of Jonathan D. Lloyd the well known Oak Hill Undertaker. Mrs. Lloyd died in 1925 aged 88 years and was the last surviving child of the pioneers. David Evans, the unmarried brother of Evan Evans (Tymawr) came over with the party and may be considered as part of this family. He was of a roving disposition and drifted from place to place until he was married, he then settled at Apollo, Westmorland County, Pa., where he afterward died and where his decendents now live. The sister Elizabeth Evans married a man by the name of Gilbert and lived for many years at Evansburg, Pa. She afterwards removed with her husband to Dayton, Ohio where she died and now sleeps in Woodland cemetery. The inscription on her headstone reads thus: Elizabeth Evans, Wife of George Gilbert, a native of South Wales, died August 3, 1868, aged 70 years. A number of her decendants are still living in and around Dayton.

Timothy Jones was a man of energy and enterprise. He acquired much real estate and became proprietor of the land where Centerville stands and in connection with Reuben Rambo, laid out said village in 1837, giving it the name of Centerville, because of its location near the county line mid-way between Gallipolis and Jackson. He was married in 1821 to Hannah Williams, his companion on the long journey from Wales to Ohio, who at the time of her marriage was but seventeen years of age. They became the parents of six children, James a life long citizen of Centerville, David, Eleanor, Margaret, William and Emma, all these are now dead and he and his wife lie buried in the old cemetery at Centerville.

Of the children that crossed the ocean, John J. Evans married Rebekah daughter of Clement Cherrington and settled near Vega where he spent his life farming and stockraising, having reared a large family. In the year 1841 a society of the Methodist Episcopal church was organized in his home where they worshipped regularly until 1845 when a log church was erected, called Pleasant Hill. This church now replaced by a modern frame structure and known as Vega has survived all these years and is still in flourishing condition. Its history alone would fill a volume.

Evan Evans, (Junior) married Polly, daughter of Thomas Cherrington. He and a younger brother David D. settled near Camba and became influential citizens of that community and pillars in the Franklin Valley M. E. Church of which Evan Evans and wife were charter members. David D. Evans was the first Welsh child born in the settlement. Many interesting tales are told of those pioneer days. One of the most thrilling is that of Evan Evans Senior when bitten by a Copperhead snake. This happened while he was binding oats, which according to the custom at that time was cut rather green and allowed to lie in the swath for several days. It was then believed that three dewes were necessary to properly cure the grain. The reptile was lying



concealed underneath the swath and struck Mr. Evans with full force on the bare arm. After killing his enemy, the first and great question was what could be done to save his life. The bite of the copperhead was as much dreaded as that of the rattle snake, both being regarded as fatal. Doctors there were none nearer than Gallipolis and before the sufferer could reach there he would be beyond hope. The wound was sucked and doubtless that was what saved his life. Other home remedies were applied and administered, then as a last resort he lay prone on the ground out in the field beside an old stagnant spring with his arm buried in the ooze and soft mud. A heavy thunder storm came up, but he dare not leave his post, his faithful wife brought quilts and covered him as best she could, leaving him until the storm passed over. He became deathly sick and vomited freely. By this time his arm had swollen to almost double size and seemed ready to burst. Fortunately, however, to make a long story short, he overcame the poison and lived to tell the tale but bore the scar to his grave.

My Aunt Ella who afterward married Richard Markham, a native of Virginia, was the only living daughter in a large family of boys and when quite young could not understand why she should be treated different from her brothers and be compelled to wear skirts and it was told how she would beg her mother to make her "pants" like her brothers, with whom she was a real pal in every other respect. Always ready to do her part, not only in their duties about the house and farm, but in all their sports as well such as fishing, going on excursions for nuts, plums, grapes and other wild fruit, even joining them in their hunting trips for squirrels, wild turkeys and other small game. When her oldest brother John reached the age of twelve, he was considered big enough to carry the rifle. His gun it appears was out of repair and would not strike fire, being an old flint lock much the worse for wear. Not to be baffled, the young hunter took his sister along carrying a lighted pine torch—this was before the day of matches and percussion caps, and when a squirrel was treed he would take deliberate aim, and she at his word with a splinter from her torch would touch off the powder as it lay in the pan always with fatal results—so it was said, to the unfortunate squirrel or rabbit that came within their path. Growing up into womanhood in this manner and at a time like this when even the young were forced to rely on their own resources, she became an adept in all the arts of that early day, such as flax and wool carding, spinning, dyeing, weaving and knitting, including butter, cheese and soapmaking. She married early and together with her husband, starting in a one room log cabin with practically nothing, raised to maturity a respectable family of ten children, seven sons and three daughters, thus fulfilling their Maker's first command. They removed to Pike County in 1873 and lived to an advanced age and now sleep together in the cemetery at Waverly, Ohio.

When quite young I passed by their door on my way to and from school and the clickety clack of her busy loom was a familiar sound as she deftly threw the shuttle back and forth from side to side, meanwhile working the treadles with her feet. Her daughters, like the mother, were expert at the spinning wheel; quick on foot and strong and supple of arm, they could spin a thread clear across the room with one whirl of the wheel, singing in the meantime, carefree and happy as birds in the simplicity of their lives. I do not know how much yarn they could reel off in one day, but remember that Mother often spun as much as one skein or hank, as it was then called. This was in addition to her regular household duties, but it was often late at night before her stint was finished. She frequently spun as late as ten o'clock with no light other than a pine knot fire. A hank consisted of four cuts and a cut contained 300 yards or 120 revolutions of the reel, which was seven and a half feet in circumference and was fitted out with a clock like device that released a wooden spring with a loud whack every time a cut was reeled off the spindle. The cuts were tied separate with a knotted string, this served as a guide for the weaver when warping.

In those days every farmer kept a flock of sheep sufficiently large to



clothe the family. Sheep shearing or "clipping" as it was termed, was the first job after corn planting. The wool was then washed, dried and tied up in bed sheets ready for the picking. Wool picking day was one of the great social events of the year, equal, if not of greater importance, than a quilting. The invitations were usually confined to the matrons of the entire neighborhood, although a couple of young ladies were sometimes called to assist in the cooking, waiting on table and dishwashing. Wool picking day was also a red letter day for the children, anticipated as much if not more than Christmas for then, if we behaved well and waited quietly for the last table, we could eat our fill of such dainties as fried chicken, cold boiled ham, pound cake, preserves and green currant pie, which was quite a treat after living all winter on dried apple pie, for no one then ever heard of such a thing as canned fruit and we thought ourselves very well off to get a pie once in a while even if it was made of dried fruit.

After the wool was freed of all dirt and burrs, it was carded by hand, or in later years taken away to be carded by machinery. Machine made rolls were two feet long and one half inch in diameter. Roll carding was a flourishing business one hundred years ago and was one of the first industries installed at Centerville. Timothy Jones being the founder not only of this business, but of the village itself as noted elsewhere.

After the wool was all spun the yarn was well scoured with hot water and lye soap until white and fluffy to the touch. Then came the dyeing or coloring, which was the word then used for this process. In early pioneer days, about the only color seen was a nice shade of brown obtained by boiling the yarn in a decoction of walnut bark or more often the green hulls of the nuts. This was much used especially for jeans. There was also a lead colored shade produced by Copperas, this was called "Copperas cloth." Blue, however, was the most fashionable color for jeans and stocking yarn. Coloring blue was a slow process, indigo was the chief ingredient, this was dissolved in chamber lye in which the yarn was allowed to soak for days and weeks until the desired shade was obtained. In the meantime, it was necessary that the solution be kept at a certain temperature, consequently the large iron dye-pot was stationed in the chimney corner near the fire where it was looked upon as a great offence, especially by the young ladies of the family. Black oak bark was used for coloring yellow and hickory for green, to which was added a certain amount of blue vitriol, in my memory is not at fault. Alum was also used to set the color. In later years, coloring matter could be bought at most any store. Extract of log wood was used for coloring black and pulverized madder root for red. Cochineal was used also for red which was said to be the dried bodies of a small insect. Housewives of that day were all expert at coloring, not only yarn but carpet rags and carpet warp as well, and vied with each other in producing the finest shades in their jeans flannel and linsey as well as their carpets and rugs of all kinds.

### THE TALE OF POT

Reference has been made heretofore to the various cooking utensils used by Grandmother. One vessel, however, was omitted at the time for more extended notice. This is none other than a large kettle or "Brass Pan" as it was then called which was said to hold sixteen gallons and is the only known article in existence brought over from Wales by the old people. This old pan was never provided with a bail or handle of any kind, but had a flaring rim or lip, which in the course of years cracked and split down. Mrs. Markham then had her son Timothy, who was a blacksmith fit a band underneath the edge and hammer the rim down, this altered its looks greatly but no doubt prolonged its usefulness. During the year 1929 at the request of David A. Jones a great great grandson of the original owners, it was admitted to the relic room of the Ohio State Archaeological Museum at Columbus, Ohio, where it may be seen by any and all interested.

This old relic has served five generations having crossed the ocean as part of the outfit of John Jones (Tirbach). After the death of Mrs. Jones, according to the old Welsh custom, it was given to her oldest daughter Mary,



Evans (Penlanlas), who at her death in 1863 left it to her daughter, Mrs. Richard Markham and was taken by her in 1873 to her new home in Pike County, Ohio. Mrs. Markham died in 1895, leaving it to her youngest daughter Margaret, wife of W. A. B. Jones (Coffadial) of Pike County and later of Columbus. After Mr. and Mrs. Jones death, it came into the possession of their eldest son David as noted above.

Had this lowly piece of household furniture been gifted with a tongue and the faculty of memory and speech, it could tell a tale of far greater interest than any dream of modern fiction, for truth is ever more wonderful than fable. The original owners with a family of six children, kept a public house in Wales. Of its experience and services there we know nothing and can only surmise, but we do know it was deemed worthy to be carried across the ocean to their new home in the wilderness. It is easy to imagine the many long and earnest discussions that must have taken place in this home before the final decision was made to turn their backs on home, kindred and native land. Then came the long and careful preparations, the bustle of departure and the sad final leavetaking of loved ones clinging to them with all the energy of despair born of the certainty that they were looking in their faces for the last time on earth. Then came the trip to Liverpool, which of itself was the event of a life time to the average Welshman. After this the long and tedious voyage occupying nearly two months, then the joy of their safe arrival and their first glimpse of the far famed land of the free. Next came the long and wearisome journey overland, across rivers and over mountains to the City of Pittsburg, followed by the novel experience and exciting adventures that befel them while floating down the Ohio, until at last they found a haven of refuge in the dark and forbidding forests of Jackson and Gallia. Of the history of this kettle in this country, we are better informed. We know that for over a century it has been a prime factor in the ever recurring and very necessary weekly washing. We know also, that many long days and nights were spent in the dark and lonely forest bubbling over with maple sap and wreathed about with flames fed by hands long since turned to dust. Could it but speak, what tales could be told of the vast quantities of bark and roots seething and stewing to extract the coloring matter necessary in the home manufacture of the jeans, flannel and linsey of that early day.

Year after year, for generation after generation, it has been filled with water and stationed over the fire within sound of the crack of the deadly rifle and witnessed the death, scalding and dressing of unnumbered porkers, whose bristles were removed with the help of water heated within its confines. Who can number the countless gallons of apple, peach, plum and pumpkin butter with jam and jelly and other domestic dainties included that have sputtered and simmered within its polished sides, for every returning autumn it was in common and almost constant use throughout the entire neighborhood, few at that time possessing anything better in this line than an ordinary iron pot. We must not forget the leaching of the ashes and the annual soap boiling, never omitted by the good housewife of pioneer days, nor the supply of home made cheese made every summer and laid away to ripen for future use. There was also feed to be cooked for calves, pigs, and chickens, in all of which services the old "Brass Pan" was a never failing standby. We leave it to others to muse over the various other purposes it has undoubtedly filled, for they are many. Surely it has been a faithful servant and merits a long repose. Long may it remain to remind coming generations of a day and age that has vanished like a half forgotten dream.

The late John A. Lloyd of Columbus always spoke highly of Grandfather Evans and more than once related the following story in my hearing, which I feel sure I shall be pardoned for repeating. Mr. Lloyd's parents arrived in the settlement in the summer of 1840 and like the great majority of the Welsh immigrants were poor but honest, and we are told that "an honest man is the noblest work of God". The family settled on a hilly and rather poor tract of land about a mile west, as the crow flies, from where Grandfather lived. Here a small house was built and Mr. Lloyd mentioned that



they felt rather proud because their house had a floor, some of their neighbors not being that well off. However, his parents felt the need of a cow, but were not able to raise the price, money being very scarce and hard to obtain at that time. But as it happened, the father and others of his neighborhood were going up north near Logan to work on the Canal and before leaving he contracted with Grandfather for a nice fresh cow to be paid for when he returned. And by the way, the price agreed on was seven dollars, which looks rather ridiculous to the farmers of the present time. While away at work, the weather being very warm and the drinking water not always of the best, he was taken very sick with a form of Dysentery and his great desire and prayer was, "take me home." Accordingly his brother in law Thomas Richards, the father of Evan T. and Thomas T. Richards, who was of the party, borrowed or hired an old horse and a heavy two wheeled dump cart which was nearly filled with straw on which the sick man was laid and they started through the woods and over the hills and rough roads for Jackson County. On the next day after reaching home Mr. Lloyd died leaving his wife and three small children in a strange land with no protector other than He who is described as a "Father to the fatherless and the judge of the widow." Some days after the funeral, the mother said to the children, "we can never pay for the cow; we must take her back to Mr. Evans. This was done. Mrs. Lloyd herself going along. Grandfather happened to be about the stable yard and saw them coming and went to meet them, wondering, no doubt what it all meant. The conversation was of course in the Welsh language, and was something like this: Mr. Evans, I have returned the cow, I can see no possible way to pay for her and I ask you to take her back. To which Grandfather replied, "Oh no, My girl! (or my daughter), you will need the cow more than ever to help raise these children. I don't need this cow, I have cows enough, take that cow back. If you can spare me a calf at any time, very good, if not it will be all right anyway. You don't owe me anything. Take that cow back!

The newcomers for sometime after their arrival here were greatly handicapped because of their language and ignorance of American customs, yet their neighbors treated them with uniform kindness and respect. They had for neighbors, John Horton, Adam Welker, James Lewis, Thomas Buck, James Adkins, Benjamin and Elijah Dulany, Thomas Oliver, Nimrod Arthur, Hickman Powers, William Callahan and George Radabaugh. In the year the Welsh settlers came Jackson County polled only 309 votes, surveyors were at that time platting and laying out the town of Jackson and not until next year was there a person buried in its oldest cemetery.

So far as known, no effort was made by these six families to introduce public worship in their own language. At the time of their coming, the nearest church was Gilboa, about five miles north east of Centerville, where a society of the Methodist Episcopal church had been organized in 1813. On the twelfth day of October 1820, a society of the same denomination was organized by the Rev. James Gilruth at the home of Thomas Buck, one half mile west of where Centerville was afterward located. Here they continued to worship until finally a frame church was built on his farm called New Zion. Here the Welsh pioneers met with their neighbors to praise the God of their fathers. The name of William Williams appears among the nine charter members of this church and later on the name of Evan Evans is recorded as a member of the original Board of Trustees. The names of Jane Jones, Eleanor Williams and Margaret Evans are on record in the first class book used by this church. The home of Timothy Jones stood near by, his land bordering on the church and cemetery lot. The first Welsh sermon heard in Jackson or Gallia was delivered in this home by the Rev. David Rosser, then on a journey from Columbus to Cincinnati. This was in 1833. Hannah Williams, wife of Timothy Jones, affectionately known in her old age as "Aunt Hannah," was a devoted and active member of the New Zion church. The same can be said of Jane Jones, who married William Dulany and was the first of the pioneers to marry an American. Both these women were noted for their sterling christian character.



These four families remained here twelve years or more with no addition to their number. About 1830 or 31 John Thomas came on a visit and remained here. In 1834 several families from Cardiganshire decided to join their old friends in the new world. Among the first were Daniel Edwards (Brynele) John E. Evans and Thomas and John Alban and perhaps others. Many from Pittsburg also came about this time while others having stopped in the vicinity of Newark and finding the land there beyond their means, came on to the new settlement. Furthermore, about this time, the Rev. Edward Jones of Cincinnati returned to Wales on a visit and published a small pamphlet describing the various Welsh settlements in this country, together with prices of land and routes of travel in which he hinted that Jackson and Gallia was the place for the Welsh. This with the good reports of friends already here communicated by letters, resulted in a great tide of emigration which continued for the next twenty years when it has been estimated there were three thousand Welsh people in the settlement.

On what trivial happenings our destinies hinge. Had the cable that bound that frail craft to the shore on that fateful night, only been able to bear the needed strain, what then would have been the history of Jackson and Gallia?

It must be conceded that the Welsh have been important factors in the development of these counties, but we cannot stop here. The righteous and moral influence here implanted, nurtured and set in motion has spread like leaven to other counties, other states, yea across the seas to other lands and the end is not yet, but is continually rolling on in ever widening circles and with increasing power. Was this an accident? Is our presence here but the result of blind chance? Nay verily, let us rather believe with the immortal poet:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will."

And let us be obedient, meek and submissive and endeavor to shape our lives in accordance with the Divine plan, that it may be well with us both here and hereafter. For we have the assurance that "the meek shall inherit the earth and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace."

















